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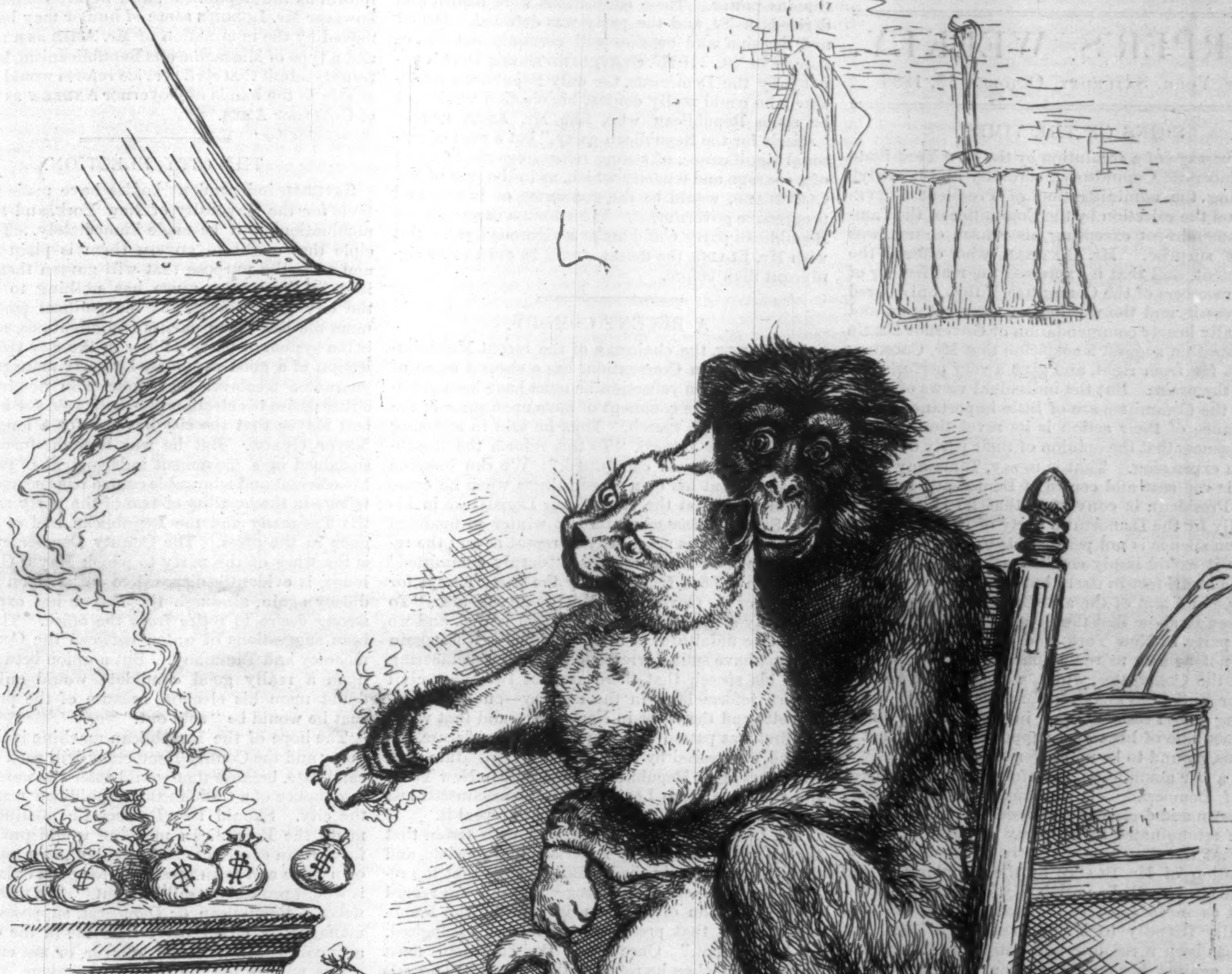
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The principal illustration is entitled

"THE MONSTER AND THE MOUSE."

It is from a drawing by J. Carter Beard.

Other illustrations are those accompanying the two serials, drawn by T. de Thulstrup *and* Rosina Emmett *respectively, and a very charming front-page, called "Sent by Express," by* Jessie Curtis Shepherd.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, October 16, 1886.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THE passage of a resolution by the New York State Democratic Committee "cordially and heartily" approving the administration of President Cleveland, and the rejection by the Committee of the Tammany amendment excepting his reform course, was a great surprise. Mr. Cockran, who offered the amendment, said that it expressed the real feeling of all the members of the Committee, if they only dared to express it, and the wording of the resolution and the equally hearty commendation of Governor Hill's administration suggest a suspicion that Mr. Cockran was not far from right, and give a very perfunctory tone to the praise. But the individual views of members of the Committee are of little importance. The significance of their action is its revelation of their consciousness that the opinion of their party demands such an expression. That is to say, Tammany Hall, which is the seat and centre of Democratic hostility to the President, is convinced that he is supported generally by the Democratic party of New York, and that even silence is not permissible to the Committee, because it would imply condemnation of his course. This is a small fact in itself, but it is very suggestive. The hope and aim of the anti-Cleveland Democrats have been to show that the President is not sustained by his party in New York, and consequently that it would not be safe to renominate him. But the action of the Committee, which was supposed to be a Hill or anti-Cleveland committee, both in commending the President and in nominating Judge Peckham, one of his warm supporters, shows that it feels this ground to be no longer tenable.

It is a fair assumption, therefore, from the general tone of Democratic conventions, that unless some unforeseen and decisive event occurs, Mr. Cleveland will be renominated by his party in 1888. It is also clear that the chances are greatly in favor of the renomination of Mr. Blaine by the Republicans, and that the choice will lie practically between those candidates, as in 1884. The Democratic party was not especially friendly to Mr. Cleveland in 1884, and there has been a resolute and outspoken Democratic protest against his administration from the beginning. It now appears, however, that his administration is very generally commended by Democrats and by the independent feeling of the country, and that he is very much stronger than when he was elected. In this situation the course of the Republican party to recover the confidence of the country, so far as it has been developed, becomes of great interest. This course is to be seen in its nominations, in the State platforms, and in the speeches of its leaders, and these all taken together show merely implicit reliance upon the party tradition. For instance, in Massachusetts the platform assumes that administrative reform is a Republican principle. The Convention then nominates Mr. Ames, because he is rich, and demands support for him on the ground that he is a Republican and therefore a reformer. Again, the Prohibition sentiment in Massachusetts is strong. The platform therefore denounces intemperance, and declares that a prohibitory amendment should be submitted to the people. But this means nothing. The New York Republican Convention did the same thing three years ago, and the Republican Legislature refused to submit the amendment, and even if it should be submitted in Massachusetts, every Republican upon such a platform might vote against it. It is a mere recommendation to ask the opinion of the State, not the positive declaration of a party.

At the same time Republican leaders on the stump argue for protection, denounce the pension vetoes, declare that the Republican vote is suppressed in the Southern States, and decry the Administration as the rebellion in power. But the Democrats, as a party, do not repudiate protection, the President has signed more special pension bills than were passed during the administration of General Grant, and his vetoes, as a rule, are fully justified by his explanation; the rebellion in power is the merest party gag, while the Republican vote is no more oppressed at the South than it was under Republican administration. This fact, of course, is not an excuse for crimes against the ballot, but we are considering the probabilities of a campaign, and the argument drawn from alleged crimes at the polls did not avail in 1884, and will be no more effective in 1888. This summary shows that as against the increasing general confidence in the President, the disappearance of the open Democratic opposition to him, the total miscarriage of the anticipations of disaster in the event of his election, and the consequent dissipation of the vague distrust of the Democratic party as such, the Republican party reiterates the allegations of the campaign of 1884, and apparently intends to renominate the same candidate. But it is the party response to earnest convictions upon the newer questions that arise, regard for the party mind and conscience, which assure its continuous power. These convictions were denied and derided in '84, and the party was defeated. Denial and derision and evasion will certainly not secure success in '88. If Mr. Cleveland should be renominated by the Democrats, the only Republican candidate who could really contest his election would not be some Republican who, like Mr. Ames, merely "stands for the Republican party," but a man of personal significance, of strong reform convictions, and of a courage and tenacity which, as in the case of Mr. Cleveland, would be the guarantee of honest and progressive government. With such a candidate the Republican party could make a vigorous fight. But with Mr. Blaine the defeat would be even more significant than before.

A RECENT COMEDY.

Mr. Lodge, the chairman of the recent Massachusetts Republican Convention, has a shrewd sense of humor, and upon reflection he must have been greatly amused by the comment of facts upon some of the statements of his speech. Thus he said in speaking of civil service reform, "To this reform the Republican party is deeply committed." We can imagine him smiling at his own forgetfulness when he came to remember that the Republican Legislature in his own State of Massachusetts last winter so modified the reform law as practically to repeal it, and the reform to which the party is so "deeply committed" would have been frustrated by the party except for the veto of the Governor. Mr. Lodge said also, "To our party all civil service legislation is due, and we cannot be unfaithful to this principle." Here again he must have smiled irrepressibly upon remembering after his speech that there are but two State civil service reform laws in the country—one in Massachusetts and the other in New York—and that while the first was passed by a Republican Legislature, the second was passed by a Democratic Legislature, and two years ago a Republican Legislature in New York, like the Republican Legislature in Massachusetts last year, tried to annul and practically to repeal it.

Mr. Lodge proceeds to say, and with truth, that the reform is thoroughly American and sensible, and that it will be established. But he adds that the reform press has retarded its progress, because in regard to the violation of reform principles by the Democratic party that press has "defended, apologized, or been silent." Once more the chairman must have smiled when he reflected that the three journals especially devoted to the interests of reform—the *Civil Service Record* in Massachusetts, the *Civil Service Reformer* in Maryland, and the *Freeman* in Indiana—have fully exposed and strongly condemned such violations of principle, while the daily and weekly journals which are conspicuous advocates of the reform have spoken of them in the plainest terms, but in the interest of reform, and not like partisan orators and conventions, merely for the purpose of making a partisan point. The reform press has recognized, as of course party opponents of the Administration do not recognize, the fact that with all violations of sound principle, and with all the abuses that still remain, the advance of the reform under Mr. Cleveland's administration has been very much greater than under any Republican administration. The chief illustration of the evils of the spoils system has been for many years the Custom-house at New York, and two days before Mr. Lodge's speech was delivered, Mr. Potts, the Secretary of the National Reform League, wrote to the New York *Times*, "It is of no small account to the public interest to find the responsible customs officers at this port [the Surveyor's action requires the approval of the Collector] in entire harmony with each other and with the Secretary of the Treasury, and engaged simply in attending to the duties of their respective offices in the collection of the revenue." The New York Custom-house has been practically taken out of politics by the Democratic Administration. Mr. Lodge, with his keen sense of humor, has doubtless smiled to think how completely this one fact covers with ridicule his whole treatment of the subject of reform under this Administration.

But his love of fun must have been immensely gratified by the fact that his grave assertion of the deep committal of the Republican party to reform was immediately followed by the virtually unanimous nomination of Mr. Oliver Ames as the representative reformer of the Commonwealth, and by the declaration of the great body of the Convention that they preferred Mr. Blaine for the Presidency, while the next day the Democrats nominated Mr. John F. Andrew, an earnest and devoted civil service reformer, who made it a condition of his acceptance that they should strongly approve the reform, and the great body of the Convention warmly declared for the President, of whom Mr. Lodge truly said, "We may also admit that he is a believer in a reformed civil service, and that his intentions in this respect are most excellent." The comedy of all this can be appreciated by nobody more fully than by Mr. Lodge. For whether we are to judge by professions or by acts, the Democratic Convention in Massachusetts showed itself to be quite as deeply committed to reform as the Republican, and we are confident that however Mr. Lodge's sense of humor may have been moved by the nomination of Mr. Ames as a reformer and a type of Massachusetts Republicanism, he would frankly admit that civil service reform would be quite as safe in the hands of Governor Andrew as in those of Governor Ames.

THE CITY ELECTION.

Several independent bodies have made nominations for the Mayoralty of New York, and the other nominations will be made immediately. The principle that ought to govern them is plain enough, and so is the purpose that will govern them. Politics in the proper sense has nothing to do with the city government, but the political parties will none the less make partisan nominations, and such is the system of party politics in the city that the selection of a good candidate by party managers is no guarantee whatever that those who nominate him either desire his election or would vote for him. The best Mayor that the city has had for a long time is Mayor Grace. But he was brought forward and sustained by a movement independent of party, and his efficient and admirable course has secured its best tribute in the hostility of two of the party machines, the Tammany and the Republican, and of their organs in the press. The County Democracy, which is the wing of the party to which Mayor Grace belongs, is evidently disposed to insist upon his candidacy again, although the Mayor has expressed a strong desire to retire from the office. There have been suggestions of union between the County Democracy and Tammany. But a union between them upon a really good candidate would only throw doubt upon his election, because of the probability that he would be "sold out."

The hope of the Republican machine is that Tammany and the County Democracy will each present a candidate, because that would offer the most promising chance of a trade to the Republican managers in the city. Should two Democratic nominations be made, the Republican machine would probably put forward an excellent candidate, both as a mask for its own game and as an attraction for good citizens. But it would probably "sell him out." We presume that nobody, Republican or Democrat, supposes that the managers of either party machine in the city have any political principles whatever, or are engaged in active politics for the public advantage. They are men who are banded together for their own profit, and who engage in politics as other gamblers engage in sports. They are pleasant, good-natured, plausible players. But there is no joke more exquisite than the serious supposition that they have any views upon tariff, or finance, or the negro vote, or any public question whatever. Their politics consist in the control of the regular party organization, and the command of votes upon which they make their trades. They provide candidates to suit their own purposes. They elect or defeat them as may be most advantageous for their game. But while they work the voters whom they command as their interest dictates, the more intelligent voters are exhorted for the sake of the party, and in the interest of the oppressed colored citizen in Mississippi, to support the candidates whom the machine has put forth. The Republican who dares to bolt the ticket which Tom, Dick, and Harry have put up for their own private gain is, of course, a Judas Iscariot, a Benedict Arnold, a renegade, a traitor, a mollycoddle, and a milk-whey statesman.

In this situation the sensible New-Yorker at a municipal election cannot be safely governed by party names or regular nominations. The strength of a candidate like Mayor Grace is that his success has been independent of both. He is a Democrat, but in 1884 he was nominated under the auspices of a non-partisan committee, whose character commended him to public support, and whose recommendation he has well justified. Should he be renominated this year by the County Democracy, his claim to the votes of good citizens will not be the character of that political organization, but his own administration. He has just proved himself to be a capable and capital Mayor, and no man who should vote for him would vote in the dark. This fact of an excellent administration, based upon non-partisan nomination, would secure for him a non-partisan support, although he should now be the nominee of a party faction, and it would probably supersede any independent nomination. Mr. George's candidacy, indeed, is, in the Republican or Democratic sense, non-partisan, but it forecasts a new party movement, and his vote may be large enough to derange all calculations. A vote for him will be either a profession of faith in a certain form of socialism, or an expression of sympathy with the desire of a large class of citizens to improve their condition. But these feelings, however excellent, are not legitimate considerations to affect a municipal election. In the competition of candidates the citizen has only to decide which of them, under the circumstances, would probably use his official authority most wisely, honestly, and economically for the city.

MR. POWDERLY'S ADDRESS.

The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor at Richmond was welcomed by the Governor of Virginia, and then listened to the address of Mr. Powderly. The address will be very generally read, because the movement of which he is the official head is one of great significance, and the definition of its purposes and methods as stated by him will be sought with great interest. The address upon these points, however, is somewhat vague as to details, while its general tone, however ardent, forecasts only legal, peaceful, and legitimate redress. The events of the last year have undoubtedly disturbed the good opinion which was once entertained of this organization. But Mr. Powderly warmly deprecates holding the order responsible for the offences of some of its members, as he would not hold all employers accountable for the oppression of individuals. He states distinctly that the movement is not one of labor against capital. It is manhood against monopoly. This is epigrammatic and suggestive, but it is not precise.

> "The monopolist of to-day is more dangerous than the slave-owner of the past. Monopoly takes the land from the people in million-acre plots; it sends its agents abroad and brings hordes of uneducated, desperate men to this country; it imports ignorance and scatters it broadcast throughout the land; it and it alone is responsible for every manifestation of anarchy that our country has witnessed. All men may not be willing to admit that this statement is true; but when monopoly dies, no more anarchists will be born unto this country, for anarchy is the legitimate child of monopoly. While I condemn and denounce the deeds of violence committed in the name of labor during the present year, I am proud to say that the Knights of Labor, as an organization, are not in any way responsible for such conduct. He is the true Knight of Labor who with one hand clutches anarchy by the throat and with the other strangles monopoly."

This is not a definite statement. By monopoly Mr. Powderly apparently means organized and corporate capital. But this in itself is no greater wrong than organized labor, while organized capital alone makes great enterprises and improvements possible, which are advantageous to everybody, rich or poor.

The general object of the Knights of Labor Mr. Powderly states to be to give to labor its fair share of the common product. The methods to this end which he especially emphasizes are education and the creation of a healthy public opinion. Nothing could be more American than such a purpose and such methods. But in the passages of his address where Mr. Powderly appeals to the feeling of the poor against the rich he has the tone of a demagogue.

That feeling is one which needs no stimulating, and the invocation of prejudice and class hatred is fatal to any just settlement of the question of labor, and greatly injures the cause which Mr. Powderly represents. He enters at length into the consideration of the rule of the order which prohibits the employment of children under fifteen years of age. Its purpose is not that the child may live in idleness, nor that more adults may be employed, but that the child may obtain the education without which he is fitted neither for his duties as a man nor as a citizen. Our object, Mr. Powderly says to his associates, is co-operative. But the essential element of co-operation is education and business training.

Mr. Powderly lays great stress upon the duties of citizenship, and the spirit and aim of the republic. To this he returns more than once, and he looks to this as the hope of the movement. Just here, therefore, is a serious defect of his address, and in no report that we have seen does he mention, much less enforce, the great object of the republic, which is the security of individual liberty, and first of all in that liberty is the right of disposing of one's own labor. Mr. Powderly calls the illicit power of capital a new slavery, and he properly denounces the frequent injustice and oppression of corporate capital. But the injustice and oppression of organized labor are not less fatal to manhood. There were hundreds of men forced last winter to see their families suffer because the tyranny of organized labor denied them the liberty of disposing of their own labor as they chose. This is a wrong as heinous as the wrong inflicted by employers. Striking, or the refusal of a man or of many men together to work except upon terms satisfactory to them, is an unquestionable right. But forcing other men to strike is an equally unquestionable wrong. This is a truth which is not treated by Mr. Powderly, but it is one of the most pressing points of the controversy, and it is the one which, as experience has shown, demands the most constant and urgent statement. There is much yet to be said of the fair adjustment of the product of labor and capital. But to incite the poor against the rich, as if wealth were necessarily a crime or a rich man a tyrant, and to hold that two men may properly prevent a third man from honestly working as he chooses, is not the way to advance a just and reasonable settlement of "the labor question."

EXECUTIVE GOOD FAITH.

We quote elsewhere a statement from a letter upon the New York Custom-house, addressed to the *Times* by Mr. William Potts, the Secretary of the National Civil Service Reform League, which is well worthy of attention. Mr. Potts has evidently made careful observations, and his conclusions justify the favorable estimate of the situation which was presented last week. This is the most striking indication of the Executive good faith, which is constantly questioned by party opponents.

If the sole test of that good faith be that at every point throughout the entire civil service a complete reform has been accomplished, that all abuses have been corrected, and that there is nowhere any violation or disregard of sound principle, then it must be conceded that the President has not justified the confidence of the friends of reform. Or if the fact of appointments and removals which seem inexplicable to a sincere reformer, and an apparent surrender to the old spoils system which practically vested the control of State patronage in certain political hands, be the final condemnation of the Executive, the President must be condemned.

But no candid judgment will impose such tests as these. Indeed, those who urge them most stringently would be utterly confounded by them, because they claim for themselves exclusive credit for civil service reform on the ground that a very slight inroad was made under their auspices upon the vast complicated and traditional evils of patronage. Try them at this one point, the New York Custom-house. For nearly twenty years after the demand for reform began they had the continued and absolute control of the New York Custom-house. But a Republican Administration declined to reappoint the most efficient friend of reform in the Custom-house, and notwithstanding all professions and opportunity, the party never took the Custom-house out of politics. This is the work which, as Mr. Potts shows, a Democratic Collector in concert with the Administration is rapidly accomplishing, and he shows also the many and intricate difficulties with which the Collector must contend. This fact does not prove, indeed, that everywhere in the service the reform is achieved, nor that there are not flagrant instances of violated principles. But it does prove, to every man who is not determined to deny it, both the good faith and the honest reform work of the Administration.

MINNESOTA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

A striking illustration of the fact that political parties are not divided even upon the question of protection is found in the recent resolutions of the Minnesota Republican and the Massachusetts Democratic conventions. The Minnesota Republicans say:

> "The producers of the great Northwest demand a lower rate of taxation upon the necessaries of life than that of the war period. We favor, therefore, as a just and necessary lightening of their burdens and an aid to their prosperity, an early and judicious revision of the tariff, with a simplification and reduction of customs duties."

The Massachusetts Democrats say:

> "We demand a judicious reform of the tariff. All needed protection to capital and labor engaged in the various industries can be assured under a revised scale of duties which will afford all the revenues required by the government, and relieve the great body of the people of the heavy weight of taxation."

The Massachusetts Democrats then nominated a late Republican for Governor, while in Minnesota the four Republican Representatives in Congress who voted according to the Minnesota platform, and whose votes Mr. Blaine declared to be contrary to the wishes of a large majority of their constituents, have either been renominated by their constituents or replaced by men of similar views, while the chief Republican paper in the State says that these votes of the Representatives were the main cause of their renomination, and the State Convention, in a separate resolution, expressly approved their conduct; and a representative of the same views has been nominated in the Detroit district in Michigan.

Either the Minnesota Republicans are renegades and traitors, etc., etc., etc., or protection in the Blaine sense is not a cardinal principle of the party.

JAEHNE.

There was general satisfaction among all good citizens that the Court of Appeals sustained the sentence of Jaehne, and that he will be duly punished for a great offence. It is understood that the suits against the other Aldermen implicated will be pressed, and justice will be done upon them also. This is an event which cannot but be of great service, for it teaches the trading politicians in the only way which they heed that political fraud is not always sure to escape.

But it should be borne in mind that the case of Jaehne and the other "boodle Aldermen" is but one illustration of that use of money in politics which is one of the most menacing tendencies of the time. The candidate for Congress who gives money to his agent without inquiry, but with full knowledge how it is to be used, is a briber, and belongs with the "boodlers." He knows that the money will be used corruptly, and he gave it with that knowledge. Morally he merits the striped suit which the "boodlers" will presently wear.

The last year has witnessed very encouraging events in city affairs, and chief among them are the exposure and impending punishment of the Broadway Railroad swindle and the revelation of the Squire-Flynn bargains. The appointment of General Newton as Commissioner of Public Works and the break-up of the Squire Aqueduct Commission are also subjects of congratulation. We should not forget Mayor Grace's honest support and enforcement of the reformed system of appointments in the municipal service, which is another happy fact. We are not yet at the millennium, but all these facts are stimulants to general interest in the city election, because they show that even in New York punishment of betrayal of public trust is still possible, and that progress and reform are yet practicable.

PERSONAL.

Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson has rented for the autumn and early winter a part of an old stone villa on the hill called Bellosguardo, outside the Roman gate of Florence, Italy. In the same villa reside Miss Greenough, sister of the sculptor, and Mr. Francis Booth, of Boston, with his daughter and son-in-law, Frank Duveneck, the painter. Miss Woolson's quarters have an old garden in front of them, and are very romantically situated. Across the western end of her reception-room is a broad parapet, just elbow-high, to lean upon, and from this parapet the distinguished novelist gazes upon the most beautiful landscape in Italy—the valley of the Arno westward, with the strange outlines of the Carrara Mountains at its end, and the river like a silver ribbon winding down toward Pisa and the sea. This parapet is, in fact, the broad top of an old stone wall, which plunges straight down on the other side forty feet or more. The next villa to Miss Woolson's is the Villa Montauto, where Hawthorne wrote the *Marble Faun*, and which he describes as the home of Donatello. The shadow of its old stone tower moves across Miss Woolson's garden every day like that of a sun-dial. Not far distant is the smaller villa where Miss Woolson's great-uncle, James Fenimore Cooper, spent two summers with his family sixty years ago. He was very fond of Italy, and the days he passed there were the happiest of his life. Miss Woolson's genius is unfolding under circumstances particularly felicitous.

—An unusually interesting collection of more than one hundred oil-paintings by the old Dutch masters is now hidden away in a storage warehouse in this city. It was gathered, picture by picture, by a young merchant of New York, Mr. Louis R. Ehrich, who during several vacations in Europe amused himself with the task. Mr. Ehrich has gone to Colorado Springs for his health, and expects to stay there, but before removing his collection to his new home he has signified his willingness to have it exhibited free to the public at some suitable place in New York. It is in all respects the most comprehensive and valuable collection of Dutch masters ever seen in this country. It has been examined by President Huntington of the National Academy, and other leading experts, who commend it warmly. Mr. Ehrich is now preparing a *catalogue raisonné* of the collection.

—Thomas Hill is recognized as one of the artists who can reproduce in some measure the grand scenery of the Yosemite Valley. He is a shrewd business man as well, for he has a studio on the road into Yosemite where the tourist tarries half a day on his return from the valley, prone to buy pictures when fresh from the Sierra.

—Mr. Dexter Smith, the poet, playwright, and *littérateur*, has returned from Europe, where he has been spending the summer. His recently published *Cyclopedia of Boston* is a quaint and useful companion to travellers in "The Hub."

—Senator Lyman Trumbull lives in a modest wooden cottage on the south side of Chicago, near the Douglas monument. He is very democratic in his ways and appearance, and a few days ago was seen superintending some repairs to the sidewalk in front of his house. His figure is erect, and he looks as young as he did thirty years ago.

—Mr. Charles F. Brush, of the Brush Electric Light Company, owns one of the largest and costliest stone residences in this country. He is determined that the walk leading through his grounds from the street to his front door shall describe a true geometrical curve, and he has spent some hours of his busy days in instructing his workmen how to lay it, often getting down on his hands and knees in order to draw the line.

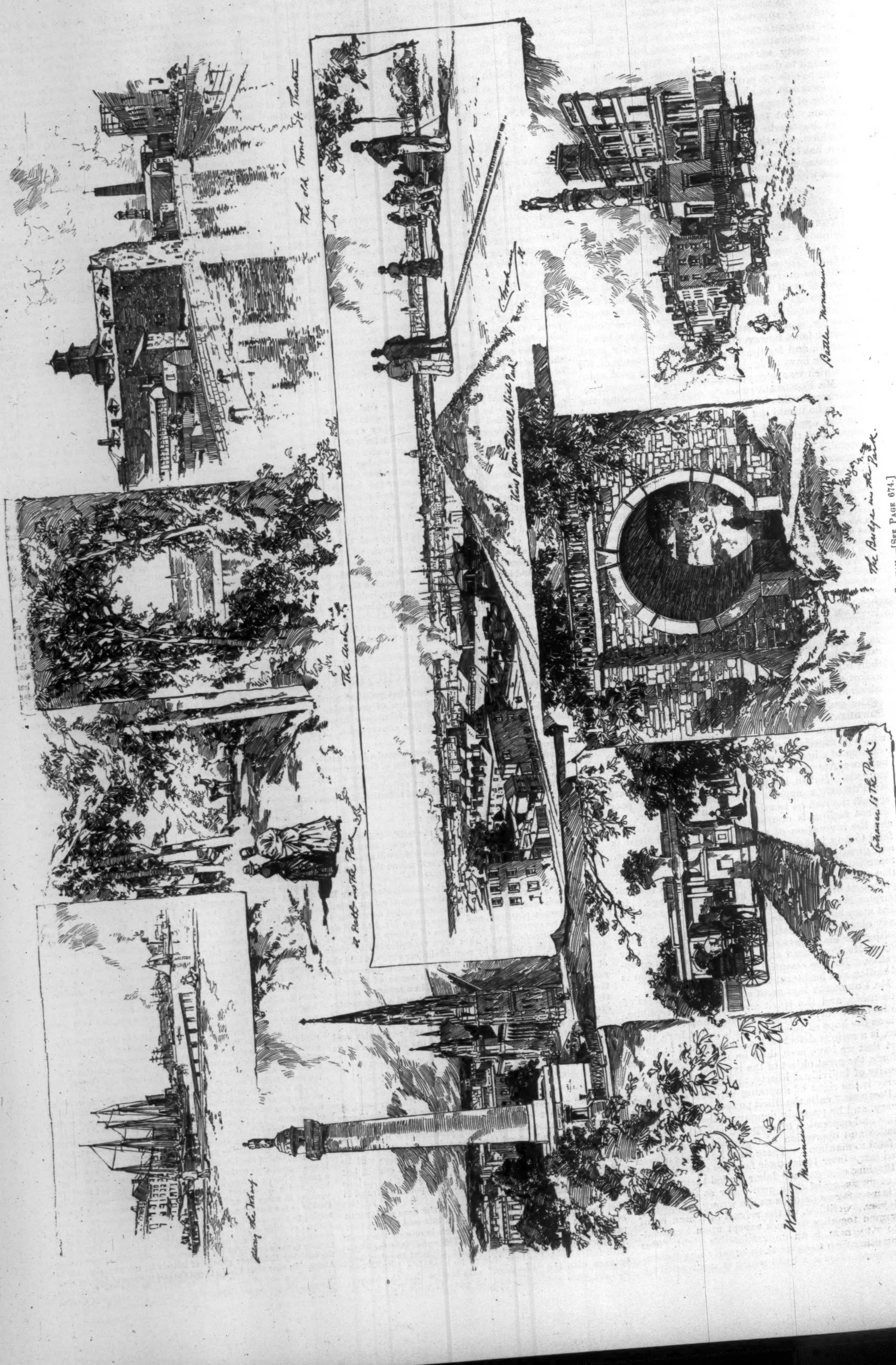
—The pastor of one of the magnificent new churches in Minneapolis congratulates himself that the structure is out of debt. The land on which the former structure was situated was bought a number of years ago for a song, and sold recently for $103,000. Several new churches in Minneapolis and St. Paul can show a similar record.

—A well-known novelist of this city is a sensitive person. A short time a[illegible]he kept a modest account at a bank, but withdrew it, and has [illegible]ce had no bank account anywhere, because, he says, "the teller had a way of throwing down my pass-book at me after I had made a deposit. The action was unspeakably irritating, and I would not stand it."

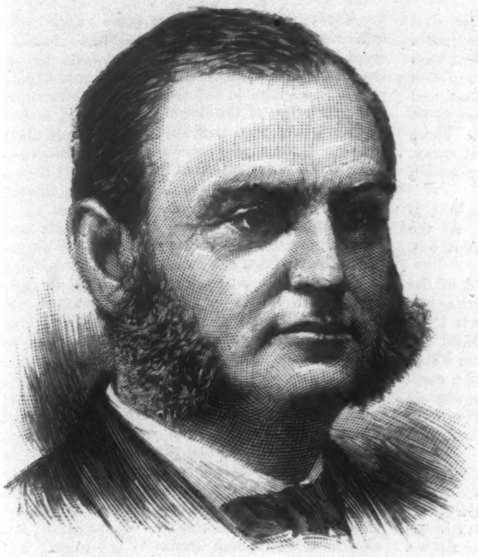
—All the six "Preachers to the University" who have now charge of the religious interests of Harvard College are graduates of the institution, and all but one, Rev. Richard Montague, of Providence, are Boston men. Two are Unitarians, two orthodox, one Baptist, and one Episcopalian. Mr. Edward E. Hale, colleague of Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, but not his son, has been elected secretary of the Board and lay assistant.

—Mr. C. P. Huntington has been examining the California railroad properties in which he is largely interested. He believes the great Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys need more branch railroads for their development. With Mr. Charles Crocker he is now on an inspection tour of the California and Oregon road, the new overland route to Portland.

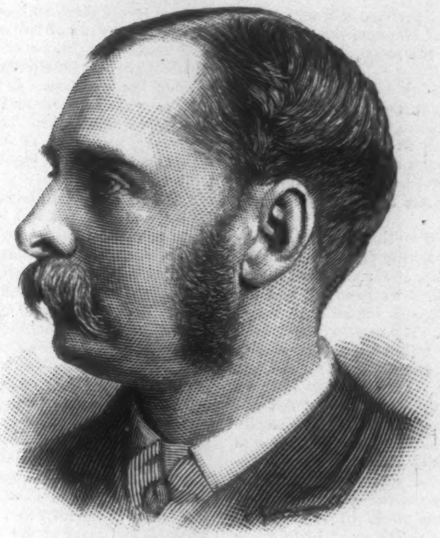
—In a characteristic letter to a friend in this city, from which we are permitted to make an extract, Mr. George H. Boughton writes from Eskadale House, Inverness-shire, Scotland, under date of September 7: "I have just come on to this place (an old haunt of mine, by-the-way), after a most delightful and interesting skirmish of some three weeks among the islands of the Orkneys, and a touch of the Hebrides *en passant*, and found the Orkneys, particularly that isle of the blessed called Pomona—I know not why, as it was named thus centuries before *Rudder Grange* was written—a perfect haven of healthful rest for the town-wearied mind and body, and a fresh mine of unworked picturesqueness, when the working fit came on again. And the working fit soon did come, thanks to the marvellously revivifying and rejuvenating air. I intended to give myself a perfect rest of at least a fortnight, but at the end of three days I was at work again with the wild ardor of one-and-twenty, and the healthy appetite of it as well. I intend returning to town by way of the western coast-line of Scotland, taking the outlying Hebridean groups of islands by the way, right on to Arran. By that time I hope to get the last particle of London soot blown clean out of me." It is to be hoped that Mr. Boughton will give the public his impressions of these wanderings in Ultima Thule.


The old Front St. Theatre
View from Federal Hill Park
Battle Monument
The Arch
A Path in the Park
The Bridge in the Park
Entrance to the Park
Along the Wharf
Washington Monument

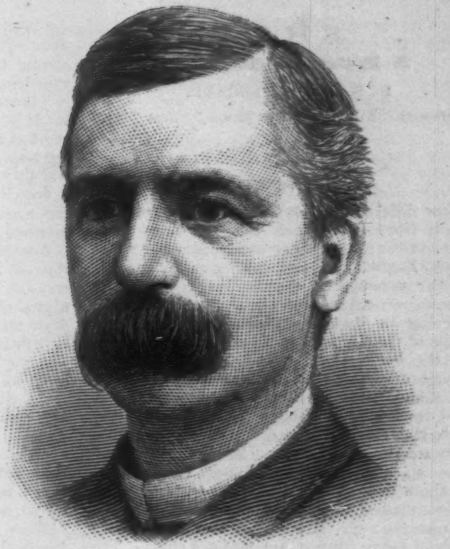
BALTIMORE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 674.]



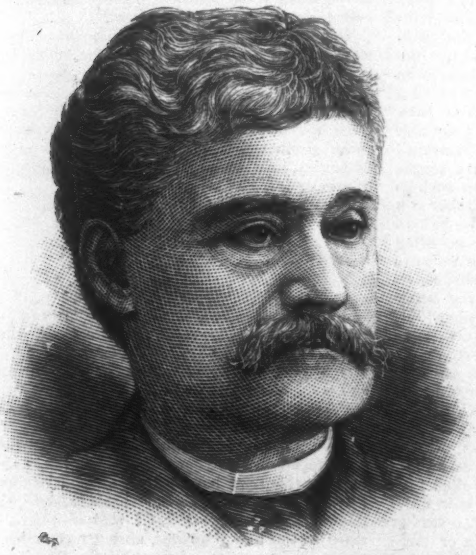
OLIVER AMES, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 667.]



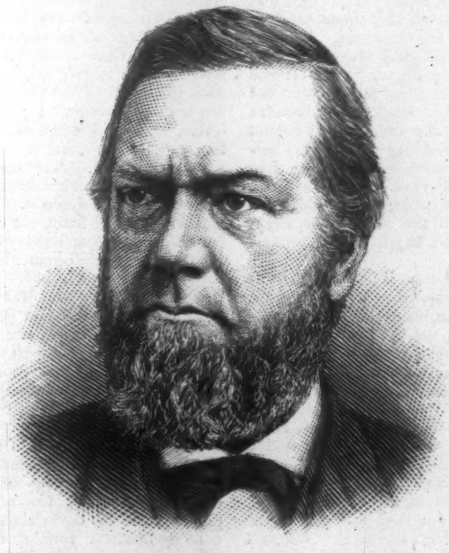
JOHN F. ANDREW, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 667.]



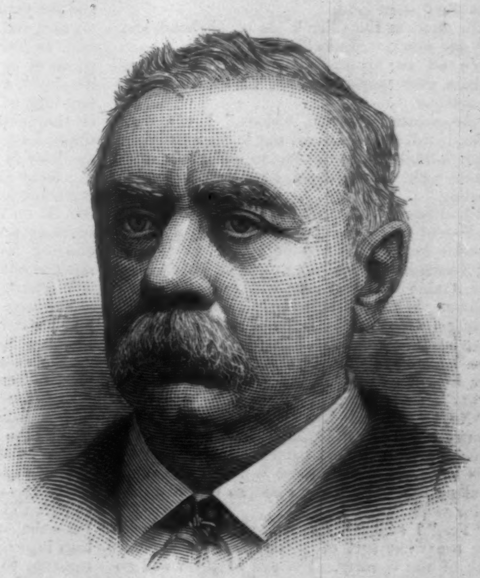
ANDREW R. McGILL, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA.—[See Page 667.]



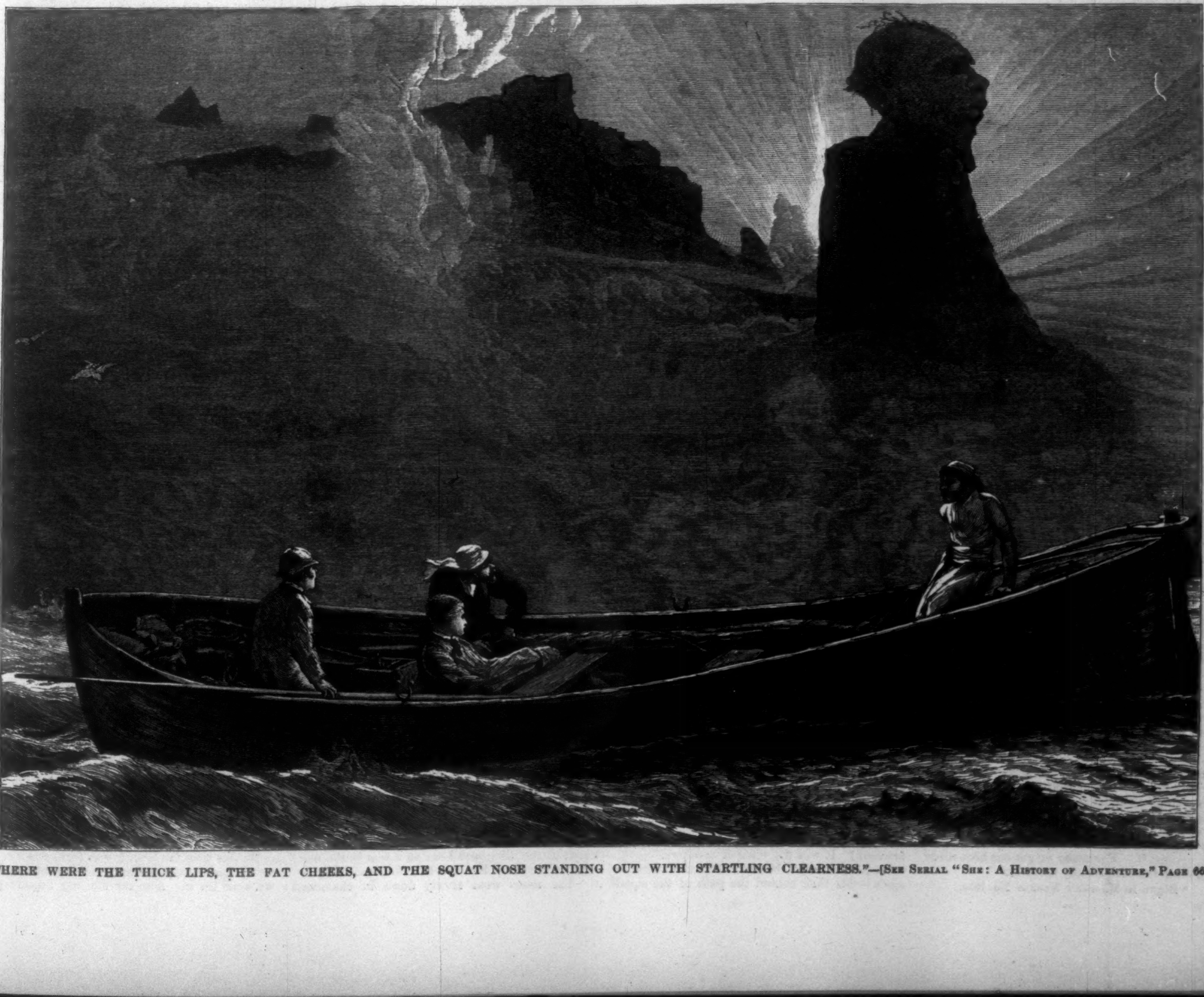
JOHN F. SWIFT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.—Photo. by Taber, San Francisco.—[See Page 667.]



BENJAMIN F. HOWEY, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.—[See Page 667.]



ROBERT S. GREEN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.—[See Page 667.]



"THERE WERE THE THICK LIPS, THE FAT CHEEKS, AND THE SQUAT NOSE STANDING OUT WITH STARTLING CLEARNESS."—[See Serial "She: A History of Adventure," Page 666.]

SHE:*

A History of Adventure.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "JESS," ETC.

IV.

THE SQUALL.

How different is the scene that I have now to tell from that which has just been told! Gone are the quiet college rooms, gone the wind-swayed English elms and cawing rooks, and the familiar volumes on the shelves, and in their place there rises a vision of the great calm ocean gleaming in shaded silver lights beneath the beams of the full African moon. A gentle breeze fills the huge sail of our dhow, and draws us through the water that ripples musically against our sides. Most of the men are sleeping forward, for it is near midnight, but a stout swarthy Arab, Mahomed by name, stands at the tiller, lazily steering by the stars. Three miles or more to our starboard is a low dim line. It is the eastern shore of central Africa. We are running to the southward, before the northeast monsoon, between the main-land and the reef that for hundreds of miles fringes that perilous coast. The night is quiet, so quiet that a whisper can be heard fore and aft the dhow; so quiet that a faint booming sound rolls across the water to us from the distant land.

The Arab at the tiller holds up his hand, and says one word: "*Simba!*" (lion).

We all sit up and listen. Then it comes again, a slow, majestic sound that thrills us to the marrow.

"To-morrow, by ten o'clock," I say, "we ought, if the Captain is not out in his reckoning, which I think very probable, to make this mysterious rock with a man's head and begin our shooting."

"And begin our search for the ruined city and the Fire of Life," corrected Leo, taking his pipe from his mouth and laughing a little.

"Nonsense!" I answered. "You were airing your Arabic with that man at the tiller this afternoon. What did he tell you? He has been trading (slave-trading, probably) up and down these latitudes for half of his iniquitous life, and once landed on this very 'man' rock. Did he ever hear anything of the ruined city or the caves?"

"No," answered Leo. "He says that the country is all swamp behind, and full of snakes, especially pythons, and game, and that no man lives there. But then there is a belt of swamp all along the east African coast, so that does not go for much."

"Yes," I said, "it does—it goes for malaria. You see what sort of an opinion these gentry have of the country. Not one of them will go with us. They think that we are mad, and upon my word I believe that they are right. If ever we see old England again I shall be astonished. However, it does not greatly matter to me, my age, but I am anxious for you, Leo, and Job. It's a Tom Fool's business, my boy."

"All right, Uncle Horace. So far as I am concerned, I am willing to take my chance. Look! What is that cloud?" and he pointed to a dark blotch upon the starry sky, some miles astern of us.

"Go and ask the man at the tiller," I said.

He rose and stretched his long arms, and went. Presently he returned.

"He says it is a squall, but it will pass far on one side of us."

Just then Job came up, looking very stout and English in his shooting suit of brown flannel, and with a sort of perplexed appearance upon his honest round face that had been very common with him since he got into these strange waters.

"Please, sir," he said, touching his sun hat, which was stuck on to the back of his head in a somewhat ludicrous fashion, "as we have got all those guns and things in the whale-boat astern, to say nothing of the provisions in the lockers, I think it would be best if I got down and slept in her. I don't like the looks"—here he dropped his voice to a portentous whisper—"of these black gentry; they have such a wonderful thievish way about them. Supposing, now, that some of them were to slip into the boat at night and cut the cable, and make off with her? It would be a pretty go, that would."

The whale-boat, I may explain, was one that we had had built at Dundee, in the north of England, and brought with us, as we knew that this coast was a net-work of creeks, and that we might require something to navigate them with. She was a beautiful boat, thirty feet in length, with a centre-board for sailing, copper-bottomed to keep the worm out of her, and full of water-tight compartments. The captain of the dhow had told us that when we reached the rock, which he knew well, and which appeared to be identical with the one described upon the sherd and by Leo's father, he would not probably be able to run up to it on account of the shallows and breakers, so we had employed three hours that very morning, whilst we were totally becalmed, the wind having dropped at sunrise, in transferring most of our goods and chattels to the whale-boat, placing the guns, ammunition, and preserved provisions in the water-tight lockers specially prepared for them, so that when we did sight the fabled rock we should have nothing to do but step into the boat and run her ashore. Another reason that induced us to take this precautionary step was that Arab captains are apt to run past the point that they are making, either from carelessness or owing to a mistake in its identity. Now, as sailors will know, it is quite impossible for a dhow which is only rigged to run before the monsoon to beat back against it. Therefore we got our boat ready to row for the rock at any moment.

"Well, Job," I said, "perhaps it would be as well. There are lots of blankets there, only be careful to keep out of the moon, or it may turn your head or blind you."

"Lord, sir! I don't think it would much matter if it did; it is that turned already with the sight of these blackamoors and their filthy, thieving ways. They are only fit for muck, they are; and they smell bad enough for it already."

Job, it will be perceived, was not attached to the manners and customs of our dark-skinned brothers.

Accordingly we hauled up the boat by the tow-rope till it was right under the stern of the dhow, and Job bundled into her about as gracefully as a sack of potatoes. Then we returned and sat down on the deck again, and smoked and talked in little gusts and jerks. The night was so lovely, and our brains were so full of suppressed excitement of one sort and another, that we did not feel inclined to turn in. For nearly an hour we sat thus, and then, I think, we both dozed off. At least I have a faint recollection of Leo sleepily explaining that the head was not a bad place to hit a buffalo, if you could catch him exactly between the horns, or send your bullet down his throat, or some nonsense of the sort.

Then I remember no more, till suddenly—a frightful roar of wind, a shriek of terror from the awakening crew, and a whip-like sting of water in our faces. Some of the men ran to let go the halyards and lower the sail, but the parrel jammed, and the yard would not come down. I sprang to my feet, and hung on to a rope. The sky aft was dark as pitch, but the moon still shone brightly ahead of us and lit up the blackness. Beneath its sheen a huge white-topped breaker, twenty feet high or more, was rushing on to us. It was on the break—the moon shone on its crest, and tipped its foam with light. On it rushed beneath the inky sky, driven by the awful squall behind it. Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, I saw the black shape of the whale-boat cast high into the air on the breaking wave. Then—a shock of water, a wild rush of boiling foam, and I was clinging for my life to the shroud—ay, swept straight out from it like a flag in a gale.

We were pooped.

The wave passed. It seemed to me that I was under water for minutes—really it was seconds. I looked forward. The blast had torn out the great sail, and high in the air it was fluttering away to leeward like a huge wounded bird. Then for a moment there was comparative calm, and in it I heard Job's voice yelling wildly, "Come here to the boat."

Bewildered and half drowned as I was, I had the sense to rush aft. I felt the dhow sinking under me—she was full of water. Under her counter the whale-boat was tossing furiously, and I saw the Arab Mahomed, who had been steering, leap into her. I gave one desperate pull at the tow-rope to bring the boat alongside. Wildly I sprang also, and Job caught me with one arm, and I rolled into the bottom of the boat. Down went the dhow bodily, and as she did so Mahomed drew his curved knife and severed the fibre rope by which we were fast to her, and in another second we were driving before the storm over the place where the dhow had been.

"Great God!" I shrieked, "where is Leo? *Leo! Leo!*"

"He's gone, sir, God help him!" roared Job into my ear, and such was the fury of the squall that his voice sounded like a whisper.

I wrung my hands in agony. Leo was drowned, and I was left alive to mourn him.

"Look out!" yelled Job; "here comes another."

I turned; a second huge wave was overtaking us. I hoped it would drown me. With a curious fascination I watched its awful advent. The moon was nearly hidden now by the wreaths of the rushing storm, but a little light still caught the crest of the devouring breaker. There was something dark on it—a piece of wreckage. It was on us now, and the boat was nearly full of water. But she was built in air-tight compartments—Heaven bless the man who invented them!—and lifted up through it like a swan. Through the foam and turmoil I saw the black thing on the wave hurrying right at me. I put out my right arm to ward it from me, and my hand closed on another arm, the wrist of which my fingers gripped like a vise. I am a very strong man, and had something to hold to, but my arm was nearly torn from its socket by the strain and weight of the floating body. Had the rush lasted another two seconds I must either have let go or gone with it. But it passed, leaving us up to our knees in water.

"Bail out! bail out!" shouted Job, suiting the action to the word.

But I could not bail just then, for as the moon went out and left us in total darkness, one faint, flying ray of light lit upon the face of the man I had gripped, who was now half lying, half floating, in the bottom of the boat.

It was Leo. Leo brought back by the wave—back, dead or alive, from the very jaws of Death.

"Bail out! bail out!" yelled Job, "or we shall founder."

I seized a large tin bowl with a handle to it, which was fixed under one of the seats, and the three of us bailed away for dear life. The furious tempest drove over and round us, flinging the boat this way and that, the wind and the storm wreaths and the sheets of stinging spray blinded and bewildered us; but through it all we worked like demons with the wild exhilaration of despair, for even despair can exhilarate. One minute! three minutes! six minutes! The boat began to lighten, and no fresh wave swamped us. Five minutes more and she was fairly clear. Then, suddenly, above the awful shriekings of the hurricane came a duller, deeper roar. Great heavens! It was the voice of breakers.

At that moment the moon began to shine out again—this time behind the path of the squall. Out far across the torn bosom of the ocean shot the ragged arrows of her light, and there, half a mile ahead of us, was a white line of foam, then a little space of open-mouthed blackness, and then another line of white. It was the breakers, and their roar grew clearer and yet more clear as we sped down upon them like a swallow. There they were, boiling up in snowy spouts of spray, smiting and gnashing together like the gleaming teeth of hell.

"Take the tiller, Mahomed!" I roared, in Arabic; "we must try and shoot them." At the same moment I seized an oar, and got it out, motioning to Job to do likewise.

Mahomed clambered aft, and got hold of the tiller, and with some difficulty Job, who had sometimes pulled a tub upon the homely Cam, got out his oar. In another minute her head was straight on to the ever-nearing line, toward which she plunged and tore with the speed of a race-horse. Just in front of us the first line seemed a little thinner than to the right or left—there was a gap of rather deeper water. I turned and pointed to it.

"Steer for your life, Mahomed!" I yelled. He was a skilful steersman, and well acquainted with the dangers of this most perilous coast, and I saw him grip the tiller and bend his heavy frame forward, and stare at the foaming terror till his big round eyes looked as though they would start out of his head. The send of the sea was driving the boat's head round to starboard. If we struck the line of breakers fifty yards to starboard of the gap we must sink. It was a great field of twisting, spouting waves. Mahomed planted his foot against the seat before him, and glancing at him, I saw his brown toes spread out like a hand with the weight he put upon them as he took the strain of the tiller. She came round a bit, but not enough. I roared to Job to back water, whilst I dragged and labored at my oar. She answered now, and none too soon. Heavens! we were in them. And then followed a couple of minutes of heart-breaking excitement such as I cannot hope to describe. All I remember is a shrieking sea of foam, out of which the billows rose here, there, and everywhere, like avenging ghosts from their ocean grave. Once we were turned right round, but either by chance, or through Mahomed's skilful steering, the boat's head came straight again before a breaker filled us. One more—a monster. We were through it or over it—more through than over—and then, with a wild yell of exultation from the Arab, we shot out into the comparative smooth water of the mouth of sea between the teeth-like lines of gnashing waves.

But we were half full of water again, and not more than half a mile ahead was the second line of breakers. Again we set to and bailed furiously. Fortunately the storm had now quite gone by, and the moon shone brightly, revealing a rocky headland running half a mile or more out into the sea, of which the second line of breakers appeared to be a continuation. At any rate, they boiled around its foot. Probably the ridge that made it ran out into the ocean, only at a lower level, and formed the reef. This headland was terminated by a curious peak that seemed not to be more than a mile away from us. Just as we got the boat pretty clear, for the second time, Leo, to my immense relief, opened his eyes, and remarked that the clothes had tumbled off the bed, and that he supposed it was time to get up for chapel. I told him to shut his eyes and keep quiet, which he did without in the slightest degree realizing the position. As for myself, his reference to chapel made me reflect, with a sort of sick longing, on my comfortable rooms at Cambridge. Why had I been such a fool as to leave them? This is a reflection that has several times recurred to me since with ever-increasing force.

But now again we are drifting down on the breakers, though with lessened speed, for the wind had fallen, and only the current or the tide (it afterward turned out to be the tide) was driving us.

Another minute, and with a sort of howl to Allah from the Arab, a pious ejaculation from myself, and something that was not pious from Job, we were in them. And then the whole scene, down to our final escape, repeated itself, only not quite so violently. Mahomed's skilful steering and the air-tight compartments saved our lives. In five minutes we were through, and drifting—for we were too exhausted to do anything to help ourselves except keep her head straight—with the most startling rapidity round the headland which I have described.

Round we went with the tide, until we got well under the lee of the point, and then suddenly the speed slackened, we ceased to make way, and finally appeared to be in dead water. The storm had entirely passed, leaving a clean-washed sky behind it; the headland intercepted the heavy sea that had been occasioned by the squall, and the tide, which had been running so fiercely up the river (for we were in the mouth of a small river), was sluggish before it turned, so we floated quietly, and before the moon went down managed to bail out the boat thoroughly and get her a little ship-shape. Leo was sleeping profoundly, and, on the whole, I thought it wise not to wake him. It was true he was in his wet clothes, but the night was now so warm that I thought (and so did Job) that they were not likely to injure a man of his unusually vigorous constitution. Besides, we had no dry ones at hand.

Presently the moon went down, and left us floating on the waters, now only heaving like some troubled woman's breast, which gave us leisure to reflect upon all that we had gone through and all that we had escaped. Job stationed himself at the bow, Mahomed kept his post at the tiller, and I sat on a seat in the middle of the boat close to where Leo was lying.

The moon went slowly down in chastened loveliness; she departed like some sweet bride into her chamber, and long, veil-like shadows crept up the sky, through which the stars peeped shyly out. Soon, however, they too began to pale before a splendor in the east, and then the quivering footsteps of the dawn came rushing across the new-born blue, and shook them from their places. Quieter and more quiet grew the sea—quiet as the soft mists that brooded on her bosom and covered up her troubling, as the illusive wreaths of sleep brood upon and cover up a pain-racked mind, causing it to forget its sorrow. From the east to the west sped the angels of the dawn, from sea to sea, from mountain-top to mountain-top, scattering light with both their hands. On they sped out of the darkness, perfect, glorious, like spirits of the just breaking from the tomb; on, over the quiet sea, over the low coast line, and the swamps beyond, and the mountains beyond them; over those who slept in peace, and over those who woke in sorrow; over the evil and the good; over the living and the dead; over the wide world and all that breathes or has breathed thereon.

It was a wonderfully beautiful sight, and yet sad, perhaps from the very excess of its beauty. The arising sun! the setting sun! There we have the symbol and the type of humanity, and all things with which humanity has to do. The symbol and the type, yes, and the earthly beginning, and the end also. And on that morning this came home to me with a peculiar force. The sun that arose to-day for us had set last night for eighteen of our fellow-voyagers—had set forever for eighteen whom we knew!

The dhow had gone down with them; they were tossing about now among the rocks and sea-weed, so much human drift on the great ocean of death! And we four were saved! But one day a sunrise will come when we shall be among those who are lost, and then others will watch those glorious rays, and grow sad in the midst of beauty, and dream of Death in the full glow of arising Life.

For this is the lot of man.

V.

THE HEAD OF THE ETHIOPIAN.

AT length the heralds and forerunners of the royal sun had done their work, and, searching out the shadows, had caused them to flee away. Then up he came in glory from his ocean bed, and flooded the earth with warmth and light. I sat there in the boat and listened to the gentle lapping of the water and watched him rise, till presently the slight drift of the boat brought the odd-shaped rock, or peak, at the end of the promontory, which we had weathered with so much peril, between me and the majestic sight, and blotted it from my view. I still continued to stare at the rock, however, absently enough, till presently it became edged with the fire of the glowing light behind it, and then I started, as well I might, for I perceived that the top of the peak, which was about eighty feet high by one hundred and fifty thick at its base, was shaped like a negro's head and face, on which was stamped a most fiendish and terrifying expression. There was no doubt about it; there were the thick lips, the fat cheeks, and the squat nose standing out with startling clearness against the flaming background. There, too, was the round skull, washed into shape perhaps by thousands of years of wind and weather, and, to complete the resemblance, there was a scrubby growth of weeds or lichen upon it, which against the sun looked for all the world like the wool on a colossal negro's head. It certainly was very odd—so odd that now I believe that it is not a mere freak of nature, but a gigantic monument, fashioned, like the well-known Egyptian Sphinx, by a forgotten people out of a pile of rock that lent itself to their design, perhaps as an emblem of warning and defiance to any enemies who approached the harbor. Unfortunately we were never able to ascertain whether or not this was the case, inasmuch as the rock was difficult of access both from the land and the water side, and we had other things to attend to. Myself, considering the matter by the light of what we afterward saw, I believe it was fashioned by man, but whether or not this is so, there it stands, and sullenly stares from age to age out across the changing sea; there it stood two thousand years and more ago, when Amenartas, the Egyptian Princess, and the wife of Leo's remote ancestor Kallikrates, gazed upon its devilish face; and there I have no doubt it will still stand when as many centuries as are numbered between her day and our own are added to the year that bore us to oblivion.

"What do you think of that, Job?" I asked of our retainer, who was sitting on the edge of the boat, trying to get as much sunshine as possible, and generally looking uncommonly wretched, and I pointed to the fiery demoniacal head.

"Oh Lord, sir," answered Job, who now perceived the object for the first time, "I think that the old gentleman must have been sitting for his portrait on them rocks."

I laughed, and the laugh woke up Leo.

"Hullo," he said, "what's the matter with me? I am all stiff. Where is the dhow?"

"You may be thankful that you are not stiffer, my boy," I answered. "The dhow is sunk, and everybody on board her is drowned, with the exception of us four, and your own life was only saved by a miracle;" and whilst Job, now that it was light enough, searched about in a locker for the brandy, for which Leo asked, I told him the history of our night's adventure.

"Great heavens!" he said, faintly; "and to think that we should have been chosen to live through it!"

By this time the brandy was forth-coming, and we all had a good pull at it, and thankful enough we were for it. Also the sun was beginning to get strength, and warm our chilled bones, for we had been wet through for five hours or more.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1554.

"Why," said Leo, with a gasp, as he put down the brandy bottle, "there is the head the writing talks of—'the rock shaped like the head of an Ethiopian.'"

"Yes," I said, "there it is."

"Well, then," he answered, "the whole thing is true."

"I don't at all see that that follows," I answered. "We knew this head was here; your father saw it. Very likely it is not the same head that the writing talks of, or if it is, it proves nothing."

Leo smiled at me in a superior way. "You are an unbelieving Jew, Uncle Horace," he said. "Those who live will see."

"Exactly so," I answered; "and now perhaps you observe that we are drifting across a sand-bank into the mouth of the river. Get hold of your oar, Job, and we will row in and see if we can't find a place to land."

The river mouth which we were entering did not appear to be a very wide one, though as yet the long banks of steaming mist that clung about its shores had not lifted sufficiently to enable us to see its exact width. There was, as is the case with nearly every east African river, a considerable bar at the mouth, which, no doubt, when the wind was on shore and the tide running out, was absolutely impassable even for a boat drawing only a few inches. But as things were it was manageable enough, and we did not ship a cupful of water. In twenty minutes we were well across it, with but slight assistance from ourselves, and being carried by a strong though somewhat variable breeze, well up the harbor. By this time the mist was being sucked up by the sun, which was getting uncomfortably hot, and we saw that the mouth of the little estuary was here about half a mile across, and that the banks were very marshy, and crowded with crocodiles lying about on the mud-like logs. About a mile ahead of us, however, was what appeared to be a strip of firm land, and for this we steered. In another quarter of an hour we were there, and making the boat fast to a beautiful tree with broad shining leaves, and flowers of the magnolia species, only they were rose-colored and not white,[*] which hung over the water, we disembarked. This done, we undressed, washed ourselves, and spread our clothes and the contents of the boat in the sun to dry, which they very quickly did, and then taking shelter from the sun under some trees, we made a hearty breakfast off a "Paysandu" potted tongue, of which we had brought a good quantity with us from the Army and Navy Stores, congratulating ourselves enormously on our good fortune in having loaded and provisioned the boat on the previous day before the hurricane destroyed the dhow. By the time that we had finished our meal our clothes were dry, and we hastened to get into them, feeling not a little refreshed. Indeed, with the exception of weariness and a few bruises, none of us were the worse for our terrifying adventure, which had been fatal to all our companions. Leo, it is true, had been half drowned, but that is no great matter to a vigorous young athlete of five-and-twenty.

After breakfast we started to look about us. We were on a strip of dry land about two hundred yards broad by five hundred long, bordered on one side by the river and on the other three by endless desolate swamps, that stretched as far as the eye could reach. This strip of land was raised about twenty-five feet above the level of the surrounding swamps and the river level; indeed, it had every appearance of having been made by the hand of man.

"This place has been a wharf," said Leo, dogmatically.

"Nonsense!" I answered. "Who would be fool enough to build a wharf in the middle of these dreadful marshes in a country inhabited by savages, that is, if it is inhabited at all?"

"Perhaps it was not always marsh, and perhaps the people were not always savage," he said, dryly, looking down the steep bank, for we were standing by the river. "Look there," he went on, pointing to a spot where the hurricane of the previous night had torn up one of the magnolia-trees, which had grown on the extreme edge of the bank just where it sloped down to the water, by the roots, that had lifted a large cake of earth with them. "Is not that stone-work? If not, it is very like it."

"Nonsense!" I said again, and we clambered down to the spot, and got between the upturned roots and the bank.

"Well?" he said.

But I did not answer this time. I only whistled. For there, laid bare by the removal of the earth, was an undoubted facing of solid stone laid in large blocks and bound together with brown cement, so hard that I could make no impression on it with the file in my shooting knife. Nor was this all; seeing something projecting through the soil at the bottom of the bared patch of walling, I removed the loose earth in my hands, and revealed a huge stone ring, a foot or more in diameter and about three inches thick. This fairly staggered me.

"Looks rather like a wharf where good-sized vessels have been moored, does it not, Uncle Horace?" said Master Leo, with an excited grin.

I tried to say "Nonsense!" again, but the word stuck in my throat—the ring spoke for itself. In some past age vessels had been moored there, and this stone wall was undoubtedly the remains of a solidly constructed wharf. Probably the city to which it had belonged lay buried beneath the swamp behind it.

"Begins to look as though there were something in the story after all, Uncle Horace," said the exultant Leo; and reflecting on the mysterious negro's head and the equally mysterious stone-work, I made no direct reply.

"A country like Africa," I said, "is sure to be full of the relics of long dead and forgotten civilizations. Nobody knows the age of the Egyptian civilization, and very likely it had off-shoots. Then there were the Babylonians, and the Phœnicians, and the Persians, and all manner of people, all more or less civilized, to say nothing of the Jews whom everybody 'wants' nowadays. It is possible that they, or any one of them, may have had colonies or trading stations about here. Remember those buried Persian cities that the consul showed us at Kilwa."[*]

"Quite so," said Leo; "but that is not what you said before."

"Well, what is to be done now?" I asked, turning the conversation.

As no answer was forthcoming we proceeded to the edge of the swamp, and looked over it. It was apparently boundless, and vast flocks of every sort of water-fowl came flying from its recesses till it was sometimes difficult to see the sky. Now that the sun was getting high, it drew thin, sickly looking clouds of poisonous vapor from the surface of the marsh and from the scummy pools of stagnant water.

"Two things are clear to me," I said, addressing my three companions, who stared at this spectacle in dismay, "first; that we can't go across there" (I pointed to the swamp), "and secondly, that if we stop here we shall certainly die of fever."

"That's as clear as a hay-stack," said Job.

"Very well, then; there are two alternatives before us. One is to 'bout-ship, and try and run for some port in the whale-boat, which would be a sufficiently risky proceeding, and the other to sail or row on up the river, and see where we come to."

"I don't know what you are going to do," said Leo, setting his mouth, "but I am going up that river."

Job turned up the whites of his eyes and groaned, and the Arab murmured "Allah!" and groaned also. As for me, I remarked, sweetly, that as we seemed to be between the devil and the deep sea, it did not much matter where we went. But in reality I was as anxious to proceed as Leo. The colossal negro's head and the stone wharf had excited my curiosity to an extent of which I was secretly ashamed, and I was prepared to gratify it at any cost. Accordingly, having carefully fitted the mast, restowed the boat, and got out our rifles, we embarked. Fortunately the wind was blowing on shore from the ocean, so we were able to hoist the sail. Indeed, we afterward found out that as a general rule the wind set on shore from daybreak for some hours, and off shore again at sunset, and the explanation that I offer of this is that when the earth is cooled by the dew and the night the hot air rises, and the draught rushes in from the sea till the sun has once more heated it through. At least that appeared to be the rule here.

Taking advantage of this favoring wind, we sailed merrily up the river for three or four hours. About mid-day the sun grew intensely hot, and the stench drawn up by it from the marshes which the river drains was something too awful, and caused us instantly to swallow precautionary doses of quinine. Shortly afterward the breeze died away altogether, and as rowing our heavy boat against stream in the heat was out of the question, we were thankful enough to get under the shade of a group of trees—a species of willow—that grew by the edge of the river, and lie there and gasp till at length the approach of sunset put a period to our miseries. Seeing what appeared to be an open space of water ahead of us, we determined to row there before settling what to do for the night. Just as we were about to loosen the boat, however, a beautiful water-buck, with great horns curving forward, and a white stripe across the rump, came down to the river to drink, without perceiving us hidden away within fifty yards under the willows. Leo was the first to catch sight of it, and being an ardent sportsman, thirsting for the blood of big game, about which he had been dreaming for months, he instantly stiffened all over, and pointed like a setter dog. Seeing what was the matter, I handed him his express rifle, at the same time taking my own.

"Now, then," I whispered, "mind you don't miss."

"Miss!" he whispered back, contemptuously; "I could not miss it if I tried."

He lifted the rifle, and the roan-colored buck, having drunk his fill, raised his head and looked out across the river. He was standing right against the sunset sky on a little eminence or ridge of ground that ran across the swamp, evidently a favorite path for game, and there was something very beautiful about him.

Bang! Away he goes with a mighty bound. Leo has missed him. Bang! right under him again. Now for a shot. I must have one, though he is going like an arrow, and a hundred yards away and more. By Jove! over and over and over. "Well, I think I've wiped your eye there, Master Leo," I say, struggling against the ungenerous exultation that in such a supreme moment of one's existence will rise in the best-tutored sportsman's breast.

"Confound you, yes!" growled Leo; and then, with that quick smile that is one of his charms lighting up his handsome face like a ray of light, "I beg your pardon, old fellow! I congratulate you; it was a lovely shot, and mine were vile."

We got out of the boat and ran to the buck, which was shot through the spine, and stone-dead. It took us a quarter of an hour or more to clean it and cut off as much of the best meat as we could carry, and having packed this away, we had barely light enough to row up into the lagoon-like space, into which, there being a hollow in the swamp, the river here expanded. Just as the light vanished we cast anchor about fifty yards from the edge of the lake. We did not dare to go ashore, not knowing if we should find dry ground to camp on, and greatly fearing the poisonous exhalations from the marsh, which we thought we should be freer from on the water. So we lighted a lantern, and made our evening meal off another potted tongue in the best fashion that we could, and then prepared to go to sleep, only, however, to find that sleep was impossible. For, whether they were attracted by the lantern, or by the unaccustomed smell of a white man, for which they had been waiting for the last thousand years or so, I know not; but certainly we were presently attacked by tens of thousands of the most blood-thirsty, pertinacious, and huge mosquitoes that I ever saw or read of. In clouds they came, and pinged and buzzed and bit till we were nearly mad. Tobacco-smoke only seemed to stir them into a merrier and more active life, till at length we were driven to covering ourselves with blankets, head and all, and sitting to slowly stew and continually scratch and swear beneath them. And as we sat, suddenly rolling out like thunder through the silence came the deep roar of a lion, and then of a second lion, moving among the reeds within fifty yards of us.

"I say," said Leo, sticking his head out from under his blanket, "lucky we ain't on the bank, eh, Avuncular?" (Leo sometimes addressed me in this disrespectful way.) "Curse it! a mosquito has bitten me on the nose," and the head vanished again.

Shortly after this the moon came up, and notwithstanding every variety of roar that echoed over the water to us from the lions on the banks, we began, thinking ourselves perfectly secure, to gradually doze off.

I don't quite know what it was that made me poke my head out of the friendly shelter of the blanket—perhaps because I found that the mosquitoes were biting right through it. Anyhow, as I did so I heard Job whisper, in a frightened voice, "Oh, my stars, look there!"

Instantly we all of us looked, and this was what we saw in the moonlight. Near the shore were two wide and ever-widening circles of concentric rings rippling away across the surface of the water, and in the heart and centre of the circles were two dark moving objects.

"What is it?" asked I.

"It is those damned lions, sir," answered Job, in a tone which was an odd mixture of a sense of personal injury, habitual respect, and acknowledged fear, "and they are swimming here to heat us," he added, nervously picking up an "h" in his agitation. I looked again; there was no doubt about it; I could catch the glare of their ferocious eyes. Attracted either by the smell of the newly killed water-buck meat or of ourselves, the hungry beasts were actually storming our position.

Leo already had his rifle in his hand. I shouted to him to wait till they were nearer, and meanwhile grabbed my own. Some fifteen feet from us the water shallowed on a bank to a depth of about fifteen inches, and presently the first of them—it was the lioness—got on to it, and shook herself and roared. At that moment Leo fired, and the bullet went right down her open mouth and out at the back of her neck, and down she dropped, with a splash, dead. The second lion—a full-grown male—was some two paces behind her. At this second he got his fore-paws on to the bank, when a strange thing happened. There was a rush and disturbance of the water, such as one sees in a pond in England when a pike takes a little fish, only a thousand times fiercer and larger, and suddenly the lion gave a most terrific snarling roar, and sprang forward on to the bank, dragging something black with him.

"Allah!" shouted Mahomed. "A crocodile has got him by the leg." And sure enough he had. We could see the long snout with its gleaming lines of teeth, and the reptile body behind it.

And then followed a scene that absolutely baffles description. The lion managed to get well on to the bank, the crocodile half standing and half swimming, still nipping his hind-leg. He roared till the air quivered with the sound, and then, with a savage, shrieking snarl, turned round and clawed hold of the crocodile's head. The crocodile shifted his grip, having, as we afterward discovered, had one of his eyes torn out, and turned slightly over, and instantly the lion got him by the throat, and held on, and then over and over they rolled upon the bank, struggling hideously. It was impossible to follow their movements, but when next we got a clear view the tables had turned; for the crocodile, whose head seemed to be a mass of gore, had got the lion's body in his iron jaws just above the hips, and was squeezing him and shaking him to and fro. For his part, the tortured brute, roaring in agony, was clawing and biting madly at his enemy's scaly head, and fixing his great hind-claws in the crocodile's comparatively speaking soft throat, ripping it open as one would rip a glove.

Then all of a sudden the end came. The lion's head fell forward on the crocodile's back, and with an awful groan he died; and the crocodile, after standing for a minute motionless, slowly rolled over on to his side, his jaws still fixed across the carcass of the lion, which we afterward found he had bitten almost in half.

This duel to the death was a wonderful and a shocking sight, and one that I suppose few men have seen, and thus it ended.

When it was all over, leaving Mahomed to keep a lookout, we managed to spend the rest of the night as quietly as the mosquitoes would let us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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[*] There is a known species of magnolia with pink flowers. It is indigenous in Sikkim, and known as *Magnolia Campbellii*.—EDITOR.

[*] Near Kilwa, on the east coast of Africa, about four hundred miles south of Zanzibar, is a cliff which has been recently washed by the waves. On the top of this cliff are Persian tombs known to be at least seven centuries old by the dates still legible on them. Beneath these tombs is a layer of debris representing a city. Further down the cliff is a second layer representing an older city, and further down yet a third layer, the remains of a still more ancient city of vast and unknown antiquity. Beneath the bottom city were found some specimens of glazed earthenware, such as are occasionally to be met with on that coast to this day. I believe that they are now in the possession of Sir John Kirk.—EDITOR.

GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATES.

Lieutenant-Governor Oliver Ames has been nominated for Governor by the Republican Convention of Massachusetts, and he received on the first ballot 945 of the 994 votes cast. He is a son of the late Oakes Ames; he was born February 14, 1831, at Easton, Massachusetts, and he finished his academic career as a graduate of Brown University. Trained to a business life by his father, with his brother he succeeded to the management of the large Ames Shovel-Works at North Easton. He was for many years a member of the School Committee of Easton, and his political career began when in 1880 he was elected to the State Senate. He was re-elected the following year, and in 1882, when General Butler was elected Governor as a Democrat, Mr. Ames was elected Lieutenant-Governor as a Republican. Every year since then, until this, he has been renominated and re-elected to the same position. Mr. Ames is a man of wealth, noted for his hospitality, and an abstainer from all intoxicating beverages.

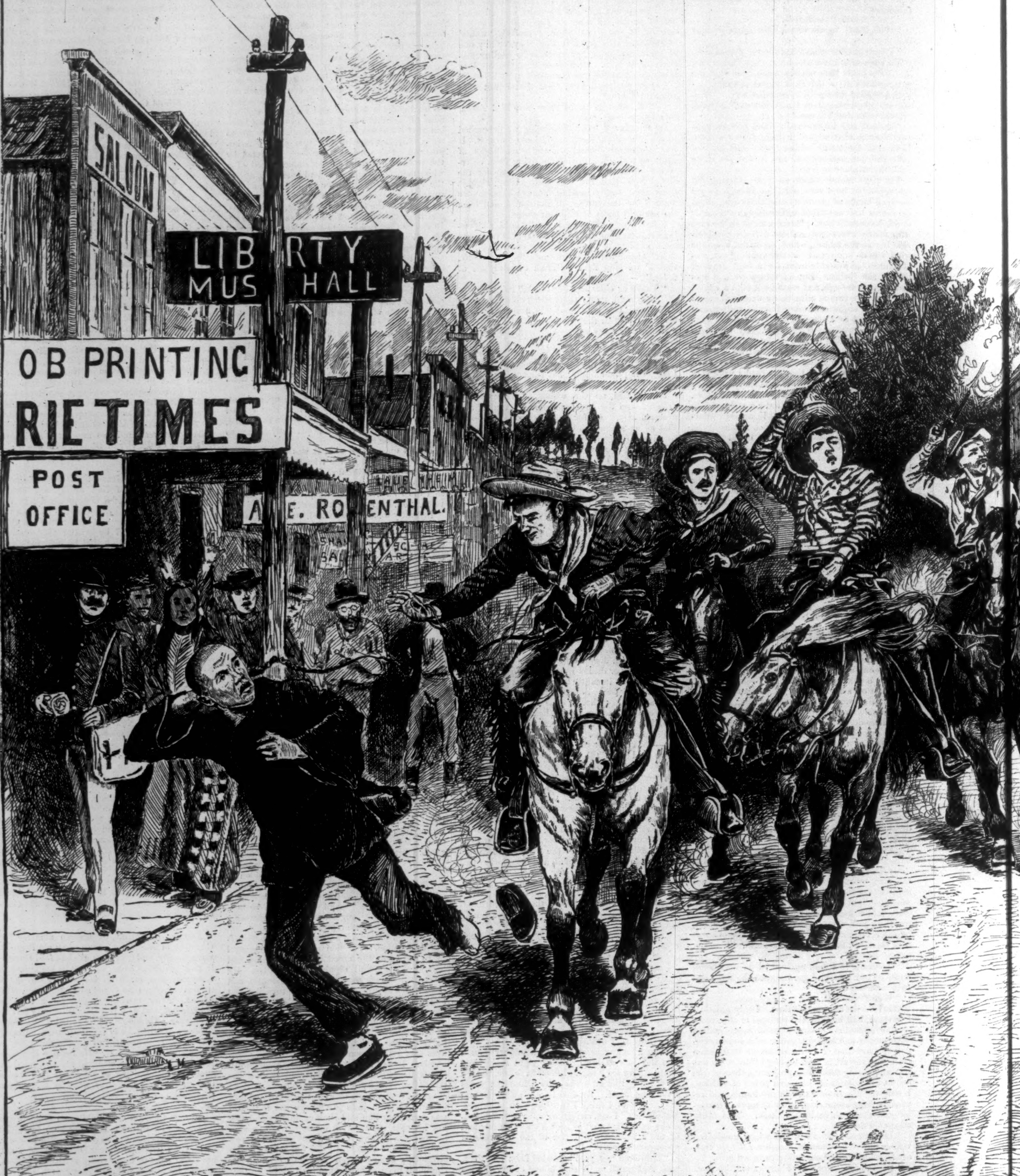
John F. Andrew, son of John A. Andrew, the war Governor of Massachusetts, has been nominated by the Democrats as Mr. Ames's opponent. He was born in 1850, was graduated at Harvard College, and at the Law School in 1875, and he has since practised his profession in Boston. In 1880 he was elected, as a Republican, a representative of one of the wards of Boston in the lower branch of the Legislature, re-elected twice, and then elected to the Senate. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention in 1884, but he bolted the nomination of Mr. Blaine, and was elected President of the Young Men's Independent organization in Boston, and took an active part in the Cleveland campaign. He failed in consequence to receive the Republican nomination for the Legislature, but as an Independent with Democratic support he was returned to the Senate. He declined to become a candidate last year, and was appointed Park Commissioner of the city of Boston. He has been a zealous friend of the civil service reform law.

Robert Stockton Green, the Democratic nominee for Governor of New Jersey, was born at Princeton, in 1831, of a distinguished New Jersey family. He was graduated at Princeton College in 1850, and was admitted to the bar three years later. In 1857 he became City Attorney of Elizabeth—a position that he held for eleven years. From 1862 to 1867 he was Surrogate of Union County, and for the five following years he was the Presiding Judge of the County Court of Common Pleas. At the end of his service in that capacity Judge Green was made a member of the commission to suggest amendments to the Constitution of New Jersey. In 1874 he was admitted to the New York bar, becoming a member of the law firm of Brown, Hall, & Vanderpoel, and later of the firm of Vanderpoel, Green, & Cumming. Mr. Green was a delegate to the National Democratic conventions of 1860 and of 1880. In 1884 he was elected to Congress from the Third District of New Jersey.

Benjamin F. Howey, the Republican nominee for Governor of New Jersey, was a member of the Forty-eighth Congress from the Fourth District, the adjoining one to Congressman Green's. He too is a native of the State, and was born in Gloucester County in 1828. His uncle was the first Governor of New Jersey elected under the Constitution adopted in 1846. After completing a common-school education, he went to Philadelphia, and was engaged in mercantile pursuits for a number of years. In 1855 he made his home in Warren County, and engaged in quarrying slate—a business in which he is yet interested. Mr. Howey was Captain of Company G, Thirty-first Regiment of New Jersey Volunteers. His political career began when, in 1878, he was elected Sheriff of Warren County as a Republican. He was the first Republican ever elected to an office in the county. In 1882 he was elected to Congress, and served one term.

Andrew R. McGill, Republican nominee for Governor of Minnesota, comes of an old Pennsylvania family, and was born in Crawford County, in that State, in 1840. In 1860 he emigrated to Kentucky, and made his home near Covington until 1861, when he removed to St. Peter, Minnesota. After teaching school for a time, he volunteered, and as a private did military service for a year. On his return he edited the St. Peter *Tribune*, of which he is yet the owner. Having served one term as Clerk of the District Court, he was admitted to the bar. He became Governor Austin's Private Secretary, and was appointed Insurance Commissioner of the State in 1873—a post that he has held ever since by three reappointments

John F. Swift, the Republican candidate for Governor of California, has long been identified with San Francisco and its growth. He was born at Bowling Green, Kentucky, February 28, 1829, but spent most of his boyhood at Exeter, Illinois, whither his father, Judge Nathan Swift, removed. In 1852 Mr. Swift went to San Francisco, and he began life there as a dealer in produce. He was successful in business, and retiring from it after four years, he was admitted to the bar in 1856. He was a member of the Legislature in 1862, again in 1873, and again in 1877. In 1880 he was appointed by the President a member of the commission to make a treaty with China. Mr. Swift returned two years ago from a journey around the world, and he is the author of a book of travels entitled *Going to Jericho*. Nor has his eminent position as a lawyer prevented him from so far engaging in literary pursuits as to be the author also of a novel.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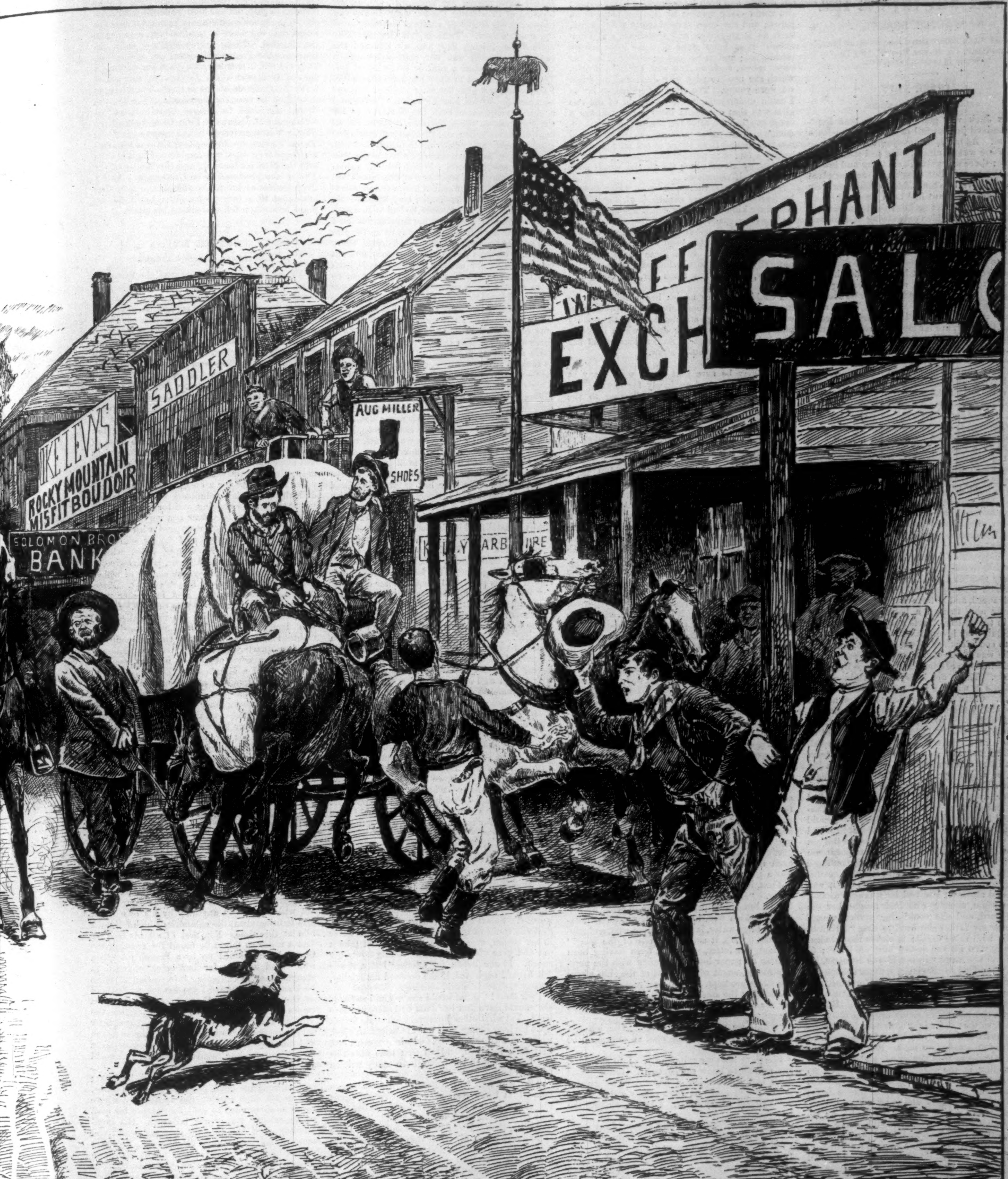
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MISFIT BOUDOIR
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AUG MILLER
SHOES
SOLOMON BRO
BANK
KELLY BARBER

See Article entitled "Some Facts about Cow-boys," Page 671.]

The World Went Very Well Then.[*]

By WALTER BESANT,

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER JACK'S DEPARTURE.

When Jack was gone I suppose that Deptford remained just as full of noise and business as before. As much hammering went on in the Yard; there was as much piping and shouting on the river; there was as much drinking and brawling in the town. But to some of us the place seemed to have become suddenly and strangely quiet. Our Lieutenant had been ashore three or four months in all, yet he filled the town with his presence—a thing which only strong and masterful men can do. Most of us when we go are not missed at all, and our places are quickly filled up, whether we sail away to sea upon a cruise or are carried to the grave.

Bess, keeping mostly at home, applied herself diligently to acquire the arts of reading and writing, so that her lover might never be accused of marrying an illiterate woman. These arts, mastered even in childhood with great difficulty and painful labor, are far more difficult to acquire after one has arrived at maturity. By great patience, however, Bess so far succeeded that, after two years' application, she was able to make her way slowly through a page of large and clear print, leaving out the hard words. This achievement satisfied her, because she was not in the least degree curious concerning the contents of books, and did not desire information on any subject whatever. She also learned to write her own name, her father teaching her; 'twas, I remember, in a fine flowing hand, with flourishes after the Penman's style; but she could write nothing else, nor could she ever read the written character.

She begged me to tell her what other things, if any, a gentlewoman generally learns, so that she might teach herself these things as well. Willingly would I have done this, but on inquiry I could not discover anything—I mean any serious study—which was necessary or possible for her to undertake. I knew but one gentlewoman with whom to compare Bess. This was Castilla. Certainly Castilla had commenced the study of the French language; but I know not how far she advanced, and I have not learned that she was ever able to read a book in that tongue. Then, in the matter of arts and sciences, Castilla was certainly as ignorant as Bess. And when I came to consider the subject, I could not discover that she was any fonder than Bess of reading, or more desirous to extend her knowledge by means of books. There are, it is true, certain accomplishments in which a young gentlewoman is instructed. Castilla had learned to dance, and in the Assembly there were none who performed a minuet with more grace, though some, perhaps, with more stateliness, because she was short of stature. In a country-dance she had no equal. But Bess, for her part, who had never been taught by any dancing-master, could dance a jig, a hay, or a hornpipe, rolling like a sailor, snapping her fingers, and singing the while, so as to do your eyes good only to see the unstudied grace and spirit of her movements. Then Castilla had been taught the harpsichord, and could play at least three, if not four, tunes. But Bess had never even seen a harpsichord, and as she did not possess one she could not be taught to play upon it. Then there is singing. Nothing is more pleasant to the ear than the singing of a beautiful woman. Castilla had a low voice, but it was sweet and musical; she had been taught to sing by the same master who had taught her the harpsichord, and she could sing several songs. To please my father she used to sing "Drink to me only with thine eyes"; to please the Admiral she sang "To all you ladies now on land"; to please me she sang "Sweet, if you love me, let me go"; and all so charmingly, never dropping a note, making no mistakes in word or tune, and with such grace of voice and pretty gentle ways that it ravished those who heard her. But as for Bess, she had a full rich voice, and she sang out loud, so that she might have been heard halfway across the river. She knew fifty songs, and was always learning new ones. She would listen to the ballad-singer in the street, and to the sailors bawling in the taverns, and would then go away and practise the song by herself till she was perfect. She sang them all to please Jack; but after he was gone she sang no more—sitting mum, like a moulting canary-bird. As regards housewifery, Castilla could make conserves, cakes, puddings, and fruit pies, and she could distil strong waters for the still-room. Bess, for her part, could make bread, pies of all kinds, including sea-pie, onion pie, salmagundy, and lobscouse; she could cook a savory dish of liver and bacon, of beefsteak and onions, of ducks stuffed; she could make tansy puddings, and many other pleasant things for dinner. She could also brew beer, and had many secrets in flavoring it with hops, ivy-berries, yew-berries, and other things. As for needle-work, Castilla could, it is true, embroider flowered aprons, and do Turkey work, and tent stitch, work handkerchiefs in catgut, and such pretty things. But Bess could knit stockings for her father or herself; she made her own frocks and trimmed her own straw hats. As to playing cards, Castilla knew a great many games, such as Quadrille, Whist, Ombre, Pope Joan, and Speculation; but Bess, for her part, could play All-fours, Put, Snip-snap-snorum, Laugh-and-lie-down, and Cribbage. Then, but this signified little, Castilla collected shells, which were brought to the house by sailors, and made grottoes; she could also cut out figures, and even landscapes, in black paper; she could make screens by sticking pictures on paper; and she knew several pretty girls' games, such as Draw-gloves, and Questions, and Command. Bess knew none of these little accomplishments; and as for games, she loved best the boys' sports, such as Tag and Thrush-a-thrush, which she used to play with Jack and me when we were young. The chief difference, so far as I could understand, in the education of the two girls was that one could carry a fan, manage a hoop, and behave after the manner of gentlewomen, which the other could not do. And I could not recommend Bess either to put on a hoop, or to buy a fan, or to powder and paint, or to lay on patches, by all of which things she would have made herself ridiculous.

There are some things, however, which cannot be learned. Such are sweetness of disposition, that finer kind of modesty which belongs to gentle breeding, grace of carriage, respect to elders, and the equal distribution of favors and smiles, so as not to show too openly the secret preferences of the heart. In all these things Bess was naturally inferior to Castilla, and these, unfortunately, I could not teach her, nor could Mr. Brinjes.

I could therefore advise her nothing but to study at every opportunity, and especially in church, the carriage and demeanor of the quality and the fashion of their dress, which I recommended her to adopt at such a distance as her means and station would allow.

You may be sure that there were many at Deptford who waited anxiously for news of the *Tartar*—most of the crew belonging to the town, and none of them being pressed men, but all volunteers, who took the King's bounty. But for three or four months we heard nothing. Then news came to the Dock-yard, and was taken to the Club in the evening by the Resident Commissioner.

"Admiral," he said, "and gentleman all, I bring you good news. 'Tis of the *Tartar*."

"Good news?" cried the Admiral. "Then the boy is well. Bring more punch, ye black devil!"

"The *Tartar* has put into Spithead with a thumping prize. Twelve men killed, and the master and mate. Twenty wounded; but only the second Lieutenant among the officers, and he slightly."

"This is brave hearing, gentlemen," said the Admiral.

"The prize is a privateer from Rochelle, 20 guns and 170 men. She made, it is reported, a gallant resistance. No doubt we shall have further particulars by private despatches."

In two days there came by the post two letters, both from Jack. One of these was for the Admiral, which I do not transcribe, although I was privileged to read it; and another for me. I knew very well that the letter was not for me, but for another. Wherefore I made an excuse for not opening it before the company, and carried it off to Mr. Brinjes, where I found Bess sitting, as was her wont in the afternoon.

"I have heard," she said, "that there has been fighting on board the *Tartar*. The people in the town are talking about it."

"Jack is safe, and the *Tartar* has taken a prize, Bess; and here is a letter."

So I tore it open in her presence. It was exactly as I thought. That is to say, there were a few words directing me to give the enclosed packet to his dear girl, the mistress of his heart; and she very joyfully received it, snatching it out of my hands with a strange jealousy, as if she grudged that anybody should have in his hands, even for a minute, what belonged to her and was a gift from her lover.

First, like a mad thing, she fell to kissing the letter. "Oh!" she cried, holding it with both hands, but kindly permitting me to scent its fragrance, which was, to say the truth, like a mixture of bilge-water, lamp-oil, cheese, rum, and gunpowder. "Oh, it actually smells of the ship!" In fact, the letter, no doubt from having been written on paper long kept below with the purser's stores, smelt of that part of the ship where the stores are kept. "It is just like violets," she added; but the smell of Jack's ship was better to her than that of any violets. And so she kissed it again.

"Shall we read it?" I said. "The letter, I suppose, was meant to be read as well as to be kissed."

She gave it to me reluctantly. I do not think she wanted to know the contents. Enough that Jack had written her a letter. What greater proof of love could be given to any girl?

"Mistress of my heart," I began, reading the letter.

"Mistress of my heart and queen of my soul! My dearest Bess,—Since I sailed from Deptford I have thought of you every day and every night. If I were by your side I should give you a thousand hugs and kisses. There never was a more lovely maid than my Bess. My dear, we have had our first tussle, and warm work it was; but the enemy is now snug and comfortable under hatches, where he will remain until we come to anchor in the Solent, and carry him up Porchester Creek to rest awhile. I think he has got a headache, Bess, after the noise of the guns; and perhaps the small shot have given him a toothache, and the cannon-balls have very likely made his legs rheumatic. We had a fine time the last bout ashore, hadn't we, Bess? I sha'n't forget the room behind the shop, nor the summer-house where Luke caught us kissing, and you blushed crimson. Well, I dare say I shall get ashore again some time, though not, I hope, like our poor carpenter's mate, who has had both legs amputated, and will now forever go on stumps. If your Jack came home on stumps, would you send him about his business, Bess?

"We fell in with the enemy on the morning of the 18th, this being February the 20th. We should have missed her altogether, but, by the blessing of Providence, the fog cleared away and showed us the ship, half a mile or thereabouts off the weather bow. 'Twas in full Channel. She hoisted the French flag, and we returned the compliment—such was our politeness—with a cannon-shot, pitched a yard or two wide of her. The enemy scorned to show her heels (wherefore I honor her, and give her what is due); perhaps because she carried heavier weight of metal and a larger complement than the *Tartar*. As for the engagement which followed, it lasted for an hour or thereabouts; and then, on our coming to close quarters and preparing to board, Monsieur hauled down his colors, finding he had no stomach for pikes and cutlasses. Which was his stratagem; and mark the treachery of this bloody villain. For while we prepared leisurely and unsuspecting to take possession, he bore up suddenly and boarded us. Fortunately, he had to deal with a well-disciplined crew; but the fighting was hand to hand for a while before they gave up the job, and tried to back again to their own deck. There were fifty of them in the boarding party, and not one got back, nor never a prisoner made, such was the rage of our men. So we gave them no more chance for treachery, but boarded in our turn; and hand to hand it was again, till all that was left of them were driven under hatches, where they now remain. There were a hundred and seventy of them when the action began, and we've thrown eighty bodies overboard. Consequently, there are ninety prisoners. Our master, who is as tough a sea-dog as lives, calculates that at this rate—namely, and that is to say, every ship in the King's service taking one French ship a week, killing or disabling half the crew, and taking prisoner the other half—we shall in less than a twelvemonth leave his French Majesty never a sailor or a ship to his back, and so he must surrender at discretion. But I doubt, for my own part, whether we shall have such good luck as this; and it may be a year and a half or even two years before we are able to make an account of all the French fleets. We have lost twelve, killed and wounded; the second Lieutenant has parted with half an ear, sliced off by a French cutlass, and the master's mate is killed, his brains being blown out by a pistol fired in his face. But we have revenged him, my dear Bess. When the fight was over I drank your health in the ward-room in a tot of rum, being, thank God, without a scratch."

Here was a gap, as if the letter had been interrupted at this point, and resumed later on.

"We are now, my dearest Bess, anchored at Spithead, and about to transfer our prisoners up the harbor to Porchester Castle, where they are to lay by until the war is ended or they are exchanged. 'Twill be a change for them and a rest, and no doubt they will be glad to be out of danger. 'Tis a convenient place for a prison, having two great towers, besides a smaller one, with a high wall all round and a ditch. And if the prisoners do escape, they will find the country-side rejoiced of the opportunity to murder them, being a savage people, and much incensed with all French privateers. So, my sweetheart, no more at present from thy faithful Jack.

"Postscriptum.—Thy true-love knot is round my arm, and I wish my arm was round thy neck. I forgot to say that the prize is the *Mont Rozier*, of La Rochelle; she is, we hope, to be purchased for the King's Navy—a handy, useful ship, well found. Her Captain was killed in the second part of the action. Otherwise, I think he would have been hanged for treachery. I love thee, Bess—I love thee!"

This was the only letter which Jack ever wrote to his mistress. Other letters he wrote to the Admiral, telling him of the wonderful exploits of the *Tartar*, and of his share in the actions, but never a word more to Bess. The days passed on, and the girl sat, for the most part in silence, waiting. So sat Penelope expectant of her lord. Still she spoke of him; still she carried his letter in her bosom, wrapped in silk, and would take it out and gaze upon it, the tears rolling down her cheek. If she hoped for another letter, if she felt herself neglected, if she doubted his fidelity, I know not, for she said nothing.

Poor Bess! What would she say and suffer if she should learn that her Jack had ceased to love her? Yet what other interpretation could be put upon his long silence? It was at Christmas, 1756, when the *Tartar* sailed. It was in August, 1760, that Jack returned, and all that time only this one letter, though there had been many written to the Admiral.

"He will find," said Bess, "when he comes home, that I can read very well. And I know the charts of the seas where he has sailed. If only he still will think me beautiful."

"Why, Bess," I told her, "as to beauty, there is no doubt about it. So if that is all there is to fear, have no pain on that score." There was, however, a great deal more to fear; but this one dared not so much as to hint in her presence.

"There is a storm brewing," said Mr. Brinjes; "I feel it in the air. I know not what he may think when he comes home: she is a handsome creature, and he may be for beginning all over again. Yet my mind misgives me. Why is there no letter, nor never a word to you, unless he has forgotten her? As for falling in love with another woman, that is hardly likely, seeing the busy life the poor lad hath led. But he hath forgotten her, Luke. Most women look for nothing else than to be forgotten when their husbands and lovers go to sea; they forget and are forgotten. Well, why not? Better so; then they suffer the less when one of the men is knocked o' the head and another goes off with some one else when his ship is next paid off. But Bess is different, and we have encouraged her; there will never be any other man in the world for her, except Jack. So, my lad, look out, I say, for squalls."

Of course we heard news of the *Tartar*. Did she not fill half the *Gazette?* There never was so fortunate a ship, nor one more gallantly commanded. One cannot enumerate or remember half the prizes that she made in her first year's cruise in the Channel. These achievements greatly disheartened the French, and raised our own spirits. They did not, it is true, quite reach the ambitious aims of the Master of the *Tartar;* yet they called forth the gratitude of the nation. Therefore, at the end of the year, the merchants of London and Bristol combined to present Captain Lockhart with pieces of plate; the First Lieutenant of the *Tartar* was transferred to the command of the *Tartar's* prize the *Melampe*, which was renamed the *Sapphire;* Jack was transferred to this ship, with the First Lieutenant; and the Master of the *Tartar* was promoted to be Lieutenant. As for the prize-money due to the officers and men, that amounted to a very pretty sum; but I do not know how much fell to Jack as his share.

CHAPTER XXV.

LIEUTENANT AARON FLETCHER.

We, who are always slower than the French—"but," said Jack, "we hold on the tighter"—now began to send out privateers on our own account, though for the most part neither so numerous nor so well found as the French. The men were not wanting, nor the spirit, but the prizes were not so many, and the prospect of gain not so attractive to our English sea-coast men as to the French. Mention has been made of a ship building in Mr. Taylor's yard at Rotherhithe; Jack was right when he pronounced her fit for something better than a lubberly sugar-ship. She was, in fact, the venture of a company of London merchants, and she was intended from the first for Letters of Marque. A dangerous venture; but there was revenge in it, as well as the hope of profit; and, besides, two or three successful cruises will sometimes cover the whole cost of ship and crew, even if on the next voyage the ship is wrecked or taken. As for a crew, there is not much difficulty in getting volunteers for a privateer, where there is no flogging, and for the most part no discipline, and an officer has very little more authority than he can command with fist and rope's-end. The prospect of taking some rich merchantman from Martinique, laden with a great cargo of spices and sugar, is attractive, to say nothing of the fighting, the chance of which, happily, ever inflames a Briton's heart. Moreover, a fat merchantman is a far richer prize to bring home than a boat-load of kegs. Therefore, when the *Porcupine* (so they called her) was launched, and fitted, and armed with eighteen nine-pounders and two six-pounders for her quarter-deck, there was no difficulty in finding a crew of picked men as good as any on board a King's ship, though lacking in discipline—a hundred and twenty in all. The crew of the *Porcupine*, indeed, showed the stuff of which they were made before the ship sailed. It was in September of the year 1757, when the hottest press ever known in the Thames was undertaken, and not only were the lanes and alleys of Deptford, Wapping, and Ratcliff scoured for skulking watermen and seamen—the river being wholly deserted for fear of the press-gang—but also the colliers and ships in the Pool were boarded, and their men taken, leaving no more than two able seamen for every hundred tons, according to William the Third's Act. The gang boarded the *Porcupine*, but the men seized their arms and threatened to fight for their liberty, whereat the Lieutenant in command withdrew his men and sheered off, judging it prudent not to engage his company of a dozen or twenty with sixscore resolute fellows.

Meantime Mr. Brinjes's prediction of misfortune as regards Aaron Fletcher came true—one knows not whether he did anything by his own black arts to bring about the calamities which fell upon him at this time. For, first of all, his boat, as fast a sailer as might be found for crossing the Channel, was picked up by a French privateer, who cared nothing for her being engaged in smuggling or in conveying information or spies backward and forward from France to England or from England to France. All is fish that comes to the Frenchman's net. Therefore the *Willing Mind* was taken in tow, and presently sold at auction in Boulogne Harbor; and so Aaron lost not only his boat but also his crew of three men, who were like rats for wariness, and could speak both French and English.

Thus went the greater part of his business; and he hung his head, going in great heaviness, and in his cups cursing the apothecary, whose blood he threatened to spill, for causing his boat to be taken. But worse followed. His boat-building yard had become slack of work, and most of his hands were discharged. This was caused by his own neglect, and might have been repaired by steady attention to business. Unhappily, one night the yard took fire, and everything was burned except the little cottage within the gates, where Aaron lived alone. And then, indeed, he raged like a lion, swearing that he would kill, maim, and torture that devil of an apothecary who thus pursued him. But Mr. Brinjes was no whit terrified.

Despite these things, we were all surprised to hear that Aaron was going on board the *Porcupine* privateer; and still more astonished when we learned that he was appointed Third Lieutenant, his proper place being before the mast, or, at best, bo's'n's mate, or gunner's mate, for he was quite an illiterate fellow, who had learned nothing of taking an observation, except how to make it noon, and knew nothing save by rule of thumb of navigation. However, he knew the coast of France as well as any Frenchman, which was, I suppose, the reason why he was appointed an officer; and besides, he had acquired (and truly deserved) in Deptford, Greenwich, and Rotherhithe the reputation of being a brave, reckless dog, who would fight like a bull-dog. For such work as was wanted of him, no doubt he was as good as any man who had passed his examination in Seething Lane.

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[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

Then Aaron got himself a coat of blue, like that worn by the King's officers (but without the white facings), edged with gold—very fine. This he put on, with white stockings, white breeches, and a crimson sash, with a hanger—for all the world as if he were Lieutenant of the Royal Navy—and a hat trimmed with gold-lace. Thus attired, he strutted up the street, the boys shouting after him, till he came to Mr. Westmoreland's shop, where Bess sat at the door, her work in her hand. "Well, Bess," he said, "nothing was good enough for thee but an officer and a gentleman. I am an officer now, and if any man dares to say I am not a gentleman, I will fight him with any weapon he pleases. Since one officer has gone away, Bess, take on with another. Don't think I bear a grudge. Nay, I love thee still, lass, in spite of thy damned unfriendly ways."

"You an officer, Aaron?" Women like fine feathers for themselves, but they are never dazzled with fine feathers in others. "You an officer?" She surveyed him calmly from head to foot. "White stockings do not make a gentleman. Your clothes are grand, to be sure. Pity you have not a better shirt to match so fine a coat." Aaron's linen, in truth, had neither lace nor ruffles, and his cravat was but a speckled kerchief. "Go change thy linen, Aaron, before pretending to be a gentleman. Well," she continued, perceiving that he was, as she desired him to be, abashed by the discovery of this deficiency, "as for thy dress, 'twill serve for a privateer. Go fight the French, Aaron, and bring home plenty of prize-money. But think not thyself a gentleman."

So she went in-doors and left him. I know not whether he bought himself a shirt to match the coat, but I am sure that on board the white stockings and the white breeches were safely stowed away, and a homelier garb assumed.

Aaron's sea-going lasted no great while. The Captain of the *Porcupine* was a certain Stephen Murdon, who had commanded an armed merchantman in the China trade, in which he had seen fighting with the pirates, Chinese and Malay, which infest the narrow seas. He was a very brisk, courageous fellow, skilful in handling his ship; and she being a fast sailer, he was generally able to choose or to decline an engagement, as suited him best. For instance, he would not engage a French privateer if he could avoid so doing, on the principle that it is foolish for dog to bite dog, and because it is the business of the King's ships to clear the Channel of privateers; but with a merchantman, however strong, he was like a bloodhound for the chase, and a bull-dog for fighting. I do not know how much prize-money he would have made for himself, but his owners were at first very much pleased with their venture, and promised themselves great returns. Unfortunately a circumstance happened which brought the *Porcupine's* cruise to an untimely end. There were many complaints from Holland against the English privateers, who mistook Dutch for French colors, and treated them accordingly. Captain Murdon was one of those who were suspicious of Dutch colors. Unfortunately, he one day overhauled a Dutch vessel conveying to Amsterdam no less a personage than the Spanish Ambassador; and, on the pretence that she was sailing under false colors, plundered the ship, taking out of her, as the complaint of the Captain set forth, a purse containing seventeen guineas, twenty deal boxes containing valuable stuffs, and three bales of cambric, the whole valued at two hundred guineas. Nor was this all, for this audacious Captain Murdon helped himself as well to his Excellency's chests and cases containing jewels and treasures.

There was a great outcry about this affair, and Captain Murdon (who was very well known to have done it, but it was pretended there was no evidence) hastened to hand over the *Porcupine* to her owners, paid off his crew, and recommended his officers to lie snug for a while. I know not who had the booty, but the officers and crew had none. As for himself, he was provided with a ship in the East India trade, so as to get more speedily out of the country. The government offered £20 reward for the discovery of the ship which had thus insulted a friendly Power; but no one took the offer seriously, and war immediately afterward breaking out with Spain, no further trouble was taken in the matter. But thus Aaron's chances of prize-money were lost, and he himself returned to Deptford little richer than when he went away. Captain Murdon offered him, it is true, a berth on board his new ship; but Aaron had no desire to go fighting Chinese pirates, and therefore staid at home. Then he began to pretend that he was putting up his building-sheds again; but, as you shall see, he had no luck: his fortune had deserted him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME FACTS ABOUT COW-BOYS.

Cow-boys as a class are brimful and running over with wit, merriment, good-humor. They are always ready for any bit of innocent fun, but are not perpetually spoiling for a fight, as has so often been said of them. They are at peace with all men, and would not be otherwise from choice. As a rule, if a man quarrel with one of them, he forces the war, and is himself to blame. Their love of fun often leads to trouble, though generally because the victim of it does not know how or is not willing to either "chip in" or excuse himself. They are fond of "piping off" anything that is particularly conspicuous, or *vice versa*, no matter to whom it belongs, and they dislike to see snobbish airs assumed in their country, though such might pass current in any Eastern city.

I once saw a dude step out of a hotel in Cheyenne wearing a silk hat, lavender trousers, cutaway coat, high-pressure collar, scarlet velvet scarf, patent-leather shoes, etc. Several cowboys were riding through the street, and spied him.

"Say, Dick," said one of them, "what do ye s'pose it is?"

"Let's tackle it and see," said Dick. "It looks alive."

"Pard, hadn't you better put them togs on ice?" queried another of the party. "They're liable to spile in this climate."

The youth was highly offended, gave them a haughty, withering look, and without deigning a reply of any kind, turned to walk back into the hotel.

"Let's brand it," said Dick; and as quick as a flash a *riata* fell about the dude, closed around his slender waist, and he was a prisoner. The boys gathered round him, chaffed him good-naturedly, took his hat and rubbed the nap the wrong way, put some alkali mud on his shoes, and then releasing him and bidding him "go in and put on some clothes," rode off. A little good-natured repartee on his part, or an invitation to drink or smoke, or a pleasant reply of any kind, would have "let him out" without any unpleasant treatment; but he scorned them, and they considered it a duty to society to post him on how to act when away from home.

A friend relates having seen an eccentric individual with a long plaid ulster walking along the principal street in Miles City, and as the sun came out from behind a cloud and began to beam down with a good deal of force he raised a green umbrella. A "cow-puncher" rode up, and pointing at the green umbrella, asked: "What is she, pard? Fetch her in and put a drink in 'er."

The man was both scared and mad. He thought he had been insulted by one of those "notorious, ruffianly cow-boys." He called "Police!" but the police was not at hand, and in the disturbance that followed his umbrella was spirited away, he knew not whither or by whom, and his plaid ulster was somewhat damaged by contact with mother earth. All he would have had to do to preserve the peace and his self-respect would have been to answer the fellow good-naturedly in the first place, either declining or accepting his invitation, and he could have gone on his way unmolested; but he brought a small-sized riot on himself by assuming a dignity that was out of place in that country and under such circumstances.

In common with all other human beings, the cow-boy requires and must have amusement of some kind, and his isolated condition depriving him of the privileges of theatres, parties, billiards, and other varieties of amusements that young men in the States usually indulge in, it is but natural that his exuberance of spirits should cause him to find sport of other kinds. His only sources of amusement on the ranch are his rifle, revolver, broncho, lariat, and cards, and in course of time he tires of these and seeks a change.

He goes to town, and meets there some of his comrades or acquaintances, and they indulge in some wild pranks which to Eastern people, and especially those who happen to fall victims to their practical jokes, appear ruffianly. Their love of excitement and adventure sometimes gets the better of their judgment, and they carry their fun to excess. They corral the crew of a train which has stopped at the station, and amuse themselves and the passengers by making the conductor, brakeman, baggage-man, engineer, and fireman dance a jig to the music of six-shooters. In one instance they boarded a train and made the Theodore Thomas orchestra give them an extemporaneous concert. They have been known to carry their revels to still worse excesses than these, and to resort to acts of real abuse and injury against defenceless people. But such acts on the part of genuine cow-boys are rare, and are rigorously condemned by all the respectable element in the business. I would much rather take my chances as to safety of life and personal property in a country inhabited only by cow-boys than in any Eastern town or city, with all its police "protection."

An incident may serve to illustrate how suddenly Eastern people change their opinions of cow-boys on close acquaintance. I was going West a few years since on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and stepping off the train at Dickinson, Dakota, I met **Howard Eaton**, an old-time friend and fellow-hunter, a typical cow-boy, who has charge of a ranch and a large herd of cattle in the "bad lands" on the Little Missouri River. He was dressed in the regulation costume of the craft—canvas trousers and jacket, leather *chaparajoes*, blue flannel shirt, and broad-brimmed white felt hat. His loins were girt about with a well-filled cartridge belt, from which hung his six-shooter—a weapon that may almost be termed a badge of the order. Large Mexican spurs rattled at his heels as he walked. He had ridden thirty-five miles under the spur, arriving at the station just in time to catch the train, and having no time to change his apparel, even if he had wished to do so. He was going some distance on the same train, and I invited him into the sleeper. As he entered and walked down the aisle the passengers became suddenly alarmed, imagining that the train had been corralled by a party of the terrible cow-boys; but when I conducted him to our section and introduced him to my wife, they began to feel easier. We had a well-filled lunch basket with us, and my wife hastily spread its contents before him. He ate as only a cow-boy can eat. Our fellow-passengers became interested spectators, and after our friend had finished his repast we introduced him to several of them. They were agreeably surprised at his polished manners, his fluent and well-chosen language, his handsome though sun-browned face, and his kind, genial nature—at finding, in fact, that he was an educated and cultivated gentleman. Before we had been an hour together they had learned to respect and admire the wild, picturesque character whom at first they had feared.

Altogether cow-boys are a whole-souled, large-hearted, generous class of fellows, whom it is a genuine pleasure to ride with, eat with, and associate with; and it is safe to say that nine-tenths of the hard things that have been said of them have come from men who never knew intimately a single one of them. I contend that a year spent on the hurricane deck of a cow pony is one of the most useful and valuable pieces of experience a young man can possibly have in fitting himself for business of almost any kind; and if I were educating a boy to fight the battle of life, I would secure him a cow-boy's situation as soon as he was through with his studies at school. A term of service on a frontier cattle ranch will take the conceit out of any boy; it will at the same time teach him self-reliance; it will teach him to endure hardships and suffering; it will give him nerve and pluck; it will develop the latent energy in him to a degree that could not be accomplished by any other apprenticeship or experience I know of. Many of the most successful business men in the Western towns of to-day served their first years on the frontier as "cow-punchers," and to that school they owe the firmness of character and the ability to surmount great obstacles that have made their success in life possible.

I contend that the constant communion with nature, the study of her broad, pure domains, the days and nights of lonely cruising and camping on the prairie, the uninterrupted communion with and study of self which this occupation affords, tend to make young men honest and noble, much more so than the same men would be if deprived of these opportunities, confined to the limits of our boasted "civilization," and compelled to constantly breathe the air of adroitness, of strategy, of competition, of suspicion and crime. If every young man reared in town or city could have the advantages of a year or two of constant study of nature, we should have more honest men.

G. O. Shields.

UNION MARKET ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

A commentary on the size of this town is the fact that there are places in it which are familiar to everybody by name, but which scores of old and well-informed citizens could no more direct a stranger to than they could tell him the way to Brobdingnag or the Desert of Luth. Such a place is Union Market. Without much doubt it is owing particularly to the circumstance of its containing a police station that the name of this market has come to be so widely known. Having to do with a populous and animated precinct, the police of Union Market are not idle, and of a consequence the market's name is forever turning up in the newspapers. The market itself is not large—no larger than scores of the private butchers' shops scattered along the city's avenues—and the building into which it is tucked is not particularly conspicuous or impressive, although it stands isolated and has something of a public look. It occupies one of those little irregular left-over places which crop up occasionally in the face of the severe rectangular genius of the town's laying out. Contrary to the square plan of the recent city, Houston and Second streets insist upon coming together at a point a little short of the East River, and Union Market rises between them just before their meeting, as if in an effort to prevent it.

For six days in the week the market part of Union Market, as has been intimated, is nothing to attract particular attention. Every Saturday night, however, it undergoes the singular metamorphosis of being enlarged about twentyfold. There is no room for such an enlargement in the interior, and consequently the growth occurs out-of-doors. The curbing becomes lined with venders' wagons, heaped with miscellaneous merchandise, and illuminated by naphtha torches that fill about a quarter of a mile of neighborhood with a tremendous glare. It has been said that many old New-Yorkers would be unable to direct a stranger to Union Market, but any stranger who should happen within a mile of the market on a Saturday night would have no difficulty in finding his way thither. He would be aware of a double line of market baskets, one empty and one laden, borne by women, and moving in opposite ways, and he would need only to follow along with the empty baskets. The cries of the venders are lusty and penetrating, and one learns blocks away that onions may be obtained for three cents a quart, and is made acquainted with other moderate prices that fully account for the Saturday-night market's great popularity. No article of the large variety that is urged for sale has anything like the price that would be demanded in the usual places of trade. Great parterres of most reasonable crockery are spread out upon the sidewalks, and cranberries, pickled and smoked fish, chestnuts, sausages, and horseradish roots are brought within the means of all. Apples have been offered at Union Market for two cents a bushel; of course they were not very good apples, but such a price attached to any apples is extraordinary, and may rarely be heard except at Union Market on Saturday night.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

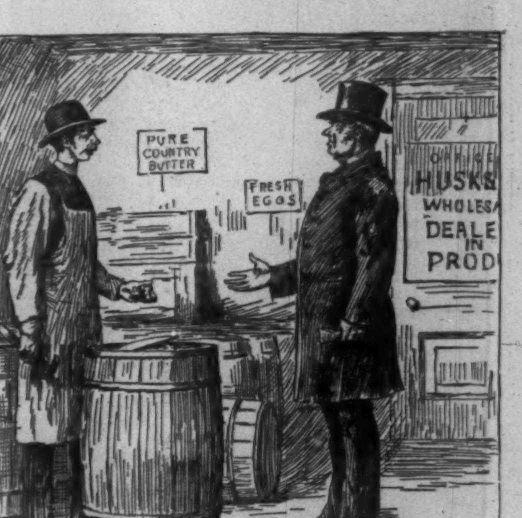
The smoking-room of a Russian millionaire is lined with bank-notes. They are of all denominations. The ceiling is decorated with Austrian money, and the walls with the paper currency of France, England, Italy, and Russia. The notes are arranged in designs which are thought by some to be pleasing. The old and very popular design of a fat roll is not visibly among them, though of course it is strongly suggested. The decoration has to be watched very carefully to prevent it from coming off. It is believed that it would prove to be of a highly evanescent nature under certain conditions of heedlessness concerning who might be in the room.

There are 5,500,000 school children in Prussia, of whom 4,800,000 attend the public schools. Seventy thousand teachers are required for the instruction of this multitude. Six languages besides German are spoken by the little Prussians who go to school in the various districts of the state.

According to the last census published in France, there are in that country 68,500 idiots and persons of notoriously weak minds. The number is not large, not nearly so large as to warrant the declarations of rival statesmen and writers in regard to one another. If no man erred in calling his enemy an idiot, it would be necessary to build the asylums much larger.

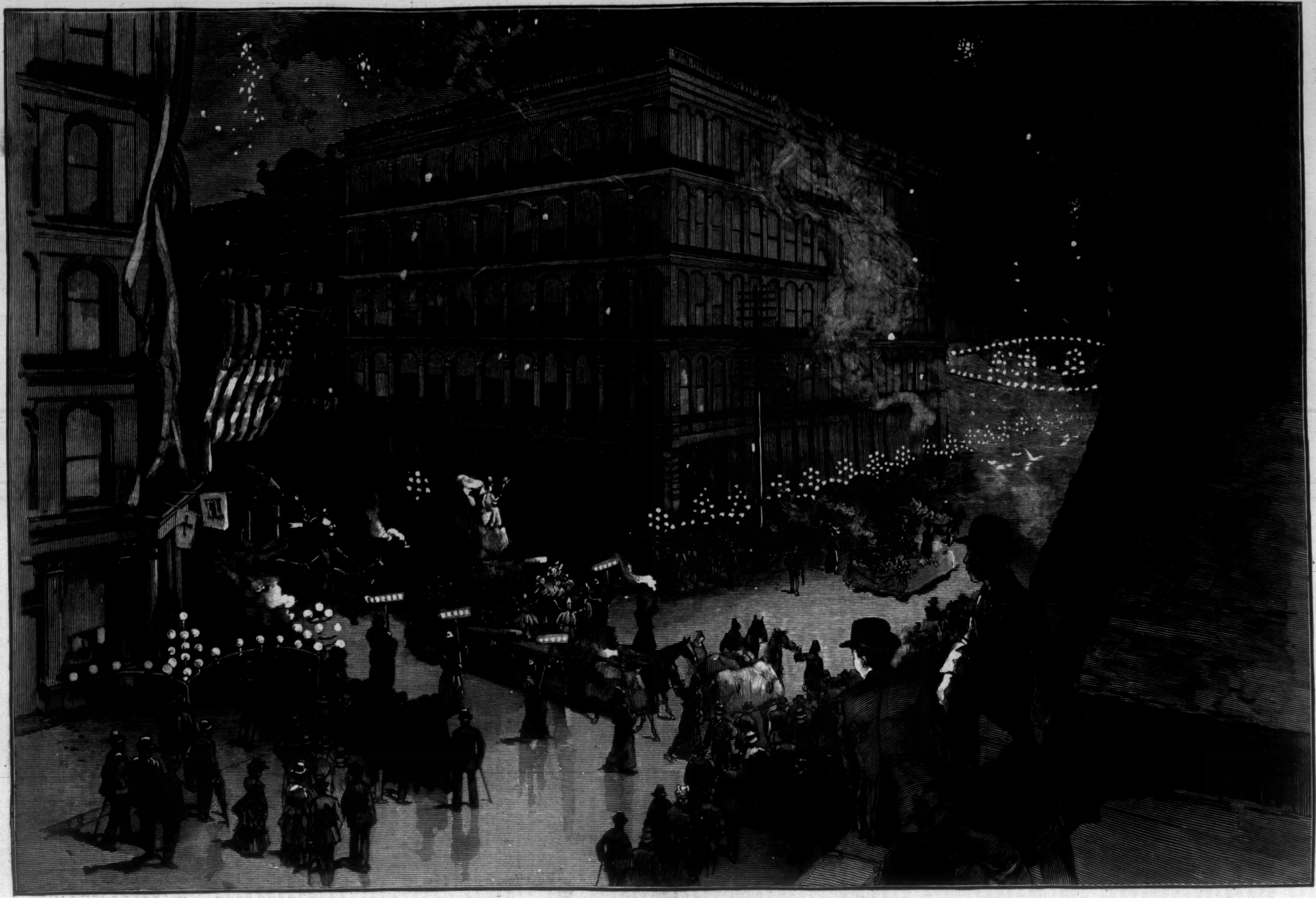
A newspaper paragraph says that there is a five-year-old girl in Cincinnati who "reads anything that is printed in the English language, notwithstanding she has never been taught even her ABC's." It must be something to set the inquisitive mind a-thinking to see this Ohio child engaged in the perusal of "The Canterbury Tales" or "The Faerie Queene," to say nothing of the English translations of Spinoza or Kant. The question that is opened as to the necessity of the alphabet in learning to read is one of great interest. It does not follow that a notion is reasonable merely because everybody accepts it, as is shown in the case of the phlogistic theory, and of the theory which assumed that the earth had corners. If it comes to be shown beyond doubt that alphabets are an unnecessary fancy, people who have learned to read in the way now usual will feel like pinching themselves, particularly the Chinese, whose alphabet is longer than the Yang-tse-Kiang River.

The French newspapers report the examination by an eminent naturalist of a singular person, a native of Provence, named Simeon Aiguier, who calls himself the Protean Man. He has a control of his muscles which enables him to distort himself in a surprising manner. He can at one moment make of himself a portly personage, and the next moment contract himself to the proportions of a skeleton. He can at will make his flesh as soft as putty or as hard (the reports say) as marble. So rigid and hard can he cause himself to become that one would believe he was made of stone, and to strike him with a stick produces a sound as when wood and stone are struck together. Presumably one could crack walnuts upon him without giving annoyance, although the French newspapers do not say that. Perhaps his most singular ability is the power to contract the muscles of an entire side of his body to such a degree as to stop the circulation of the blood in that side. Either side of his body he can affect in this manner, but only one side at a time, which is rather fortunate, if one may think in an ordinary manner of such an extraordinary man. An ability similar to this was alleged of an English house-breaker, named Charles Peace, who was hanged several years ago for murder. He, it was said, could by a muscular effort completely alter the shape of his body, and change the features of his face beyond recognition, even forcing the blood into his face in such a way as to darken its color and give him the appearance of a mulatto.

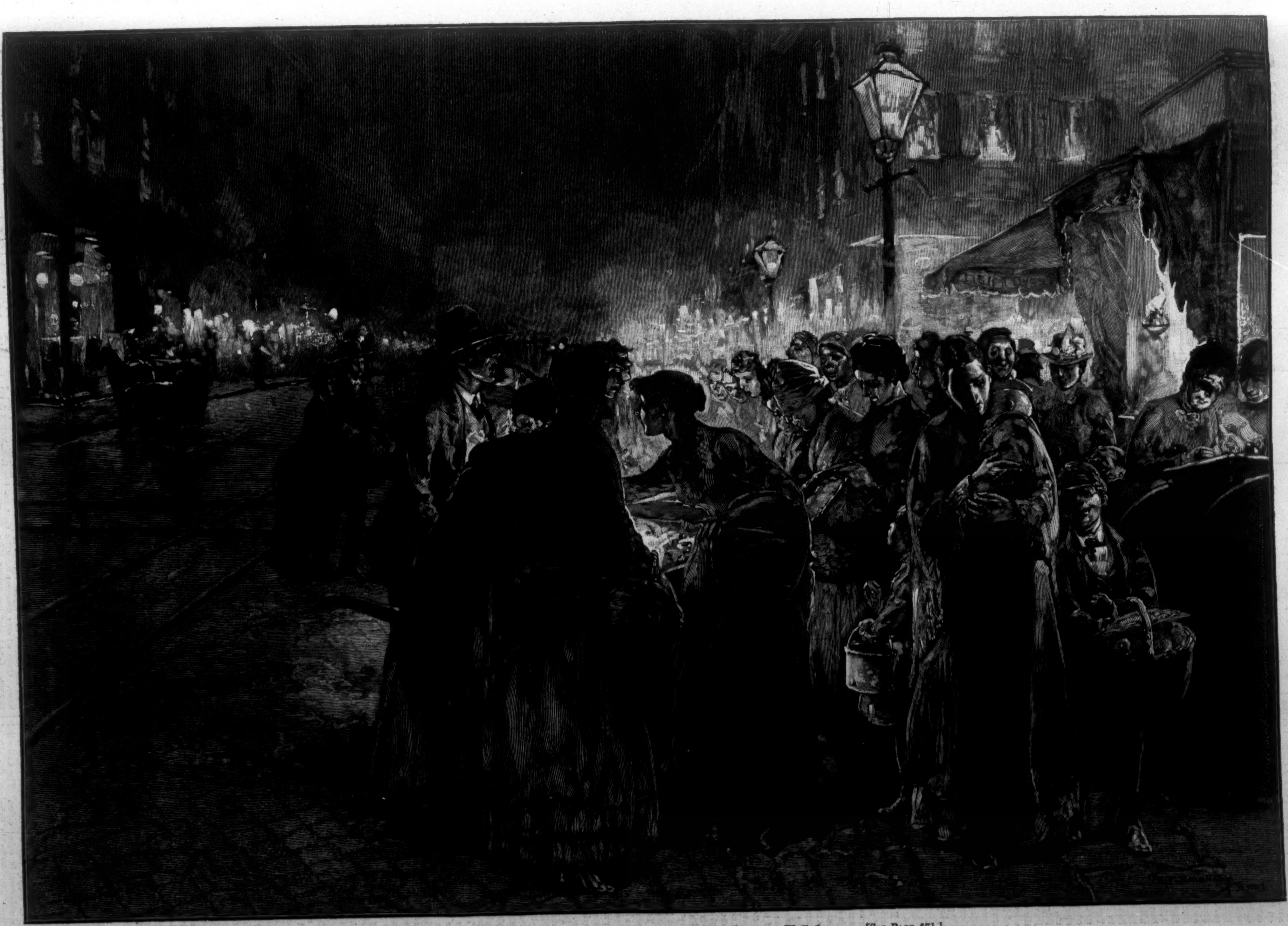


NOT THE SAMPLE END.

New Clerk. "These apples seem to be very small."
Proprietor (*irritably*). "Well, what do you expect when you open the wrong end of the barrel?"



THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION—PROCESSION OF THE "VEILED PROPHET."—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM SKETCHES BY H. R. HEATON.—[SEE PAGE 674.]



SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE UNION MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 671.]

"THE VEILED PROPHET."

The pageant of the Veiled Prophet at St. Louis suggests the carnival processions at New Orleans and the parades which have marked the anniversary celebrations of numerous American cities in recent years. The turn of the Prophet in the autumnal festivities of St. Louis—which began on September 8 and will close on October 23—came on the evening of the 5th instant, when he emerged from the subterranean cavern at Twelfth and Chestnut streets punctually at seven and a half o'clock. It was the Prophet's eighth annual parade, and afforded a fine spectacle. Colored fires and fireworks that furiously traversed the air brilliantly illuminated the twenty-one "floats" that made up the procession. Upon twenty of these were represented events of importance in American history, and the Prophet himself was borne upon the last, which was the most magnificent in the pageant. The discovery of America by the Norsemen, the landing of **Columbus** at San Salvador, the formal presentation of America to **Ferdinand** and **Isabella**, the discovery by **Ponce de Leon** of the fountain of youth, the surrender of the city of Mexico to **Cortez**, the discovery of the Mississippi River by **De Soto**, the story of **Pocahontas** and Captain **John Smith**, the discovery of the Hudson, the landing of the Pilgrims, **Washington** crossing the Delaware, **Daniel Boone** in his log cabin, a mining camp of the California pioneers, and a cotton plantation were among the matters represented. The Veiled Prophet sat on a throne of gold in a cavern studded with gems. Before him lay trays of jewels and chests of gold and silver, and he was attended by slaves in magnificent apparel. After threading the principal streets of the city the Prophet came to the Merchants' Exchange, where a highly successful ball was given in his honor.

BALTIMORE.

Baltimore is individual. It may have its superior, but not its counterpart. First, it is a city of merchants. The commercial credit of Baltimore has always stood high, and nowhere in this country does a man's business standing so affect his social standing as there. Sons succeed their fathers in business; daughters marry the clerks in the establishment, who are young men of good standing, and whose ambition is a partnership in the business. "The store" in Baltimore may mean a great counting-house where a dozen or so young men are employed, each the social equal of his employer, but who have to begin at the bottom of the ladder, as the employer himself did forty years ago. The leaders of society are nearly all families whose head is yet engaged in mercantile life, and whose sons at seventeen were put at an office desk to learn "business." And it is a very genuine and legitimate kind of business too, which results in making Baltimore a city of well-to-do people. Two o'clock is still the popular dinner hour, and five is considered ultra fashionable.

The beauty of the Baltimore women has not been exaggerated. They spend more time on the street than most women, and a walk down-town, arrayed in a charming walking costume, is a part of every girl's daily amusement. Charles Street at one o'clock in the day is what Hyde Park is in London at six o'clock during the season.

Druid Hill Park is almost deserted in winter, but as soon as the apple blossoms come it is alive with carriages. Nobody walks in the Park; everybody drives. It is nearly a thousand acres in extent, and with extraordinary natural advantages, it is already one of the loveliest pleasure-grounds in the world. For some years it was supported by a tax of one cent out of every car fare, but latterly this has been done away with.

The Washington Monument long disputed with the Bunker Hill Monument the glory of being the tallest obelisk in the United States. Around it are congregated the most magnificent houses in Baltimore—the homes of the **Garretts**, the **Walterses**, the **Tiffanys**, the **McKims**, the **Pratts**, and others. Mr. W. T. **Walters**, who owns what is acknowledged to be the finest collection of French *genre* paintings in the world, has lately given the city a group of **Barye**'s best sculptures, which have been placed in one of the open squares surrounding the Monument. Farther down, in what was once the centre of the town, stands the Battle Monument, to commemorate the defence of Baltimore in 1814, when the British troops landed at North Point, twelve miles below the city, and were driven back to their vessels by the gallant volunteers of Baltimore. It was then that **Francis Scott Key**, a prisoner on board a British ship, composed "The Star-spangled Banner."

The Peabody Conservatory of Music is richly endowed, and ranks with the great conservatories of the world. Baltimore now possesses a fine Opera-house and a large Academy of Music, but until the last ten or twelve years the Front Street house, quite over in "Old Town," was the largest theatre in the city. Here **Jenny Lind** sang and **Fanny Kemble** read.

As in New York, the local magnates first built their houses near the water. **William Patterson**, the father of Madame **Bonaparte**, lived on South Street, where his fine old-fashioned house is now turned into offices. Here also the **Catons**, the **Carrolls**, the **Howards**, the **Calverts**, and the **O'Donnells** lived. The houses are changed or gone altogether, but the names remain; for Baltimore is nothing if not conservative.

One of the most interesting spots in Baltimore is the old Cathedral. This was the first cathedral in the United States, and its imposing proportions, designed so long ago as 1806, emphasize the fact that in Baltimore the Roman Catholic wing of society had a wealth and importance quite unknown in other cities. The Cathedral possesses some valuable paintings, the gift of **Louis XVIII.** of France.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
MARKED BENEFIT IN INDIGESTION.

Dr. A. L. Hall, Fair Haven, N. Y., says: "I have prescribed it with marked benefit in indigestion and urinary troubles."—[*Adv.*]

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Say their object is simply to retain good men in office when you find them. This theory may be safely applied to the treatment of the human system by means of medicine. Those who have once tried Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" for scrofulous swellings and sores, loss of flesh and appetite, weak lungs, spitting of blood and consumption, will apply to it the real principle of Civil-Service Reform and "hold fast to that which is good."—[*Adv.*]

PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"*You have demonstrated that a* Perfectly *pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article.*"

Chas. S. Higgins' "La Belle" Bouquet Toilet Soap Being made from choicest stock, with a *large percentage* of Glycerine, is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath, and Infants.—[*Adv.*]

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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Is a common expression, often heard from those who have realized, by personal use, the curative powers of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. "I cannot say enough in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, believing as I do that, but for its use, I should long since have died from lung troubles. — E. Bragdon, Palestine, Tex.

About six months ago I had a severe Hemorrhage of the Lungs, brought on by a distressing Cough, which deprived me of sleep and rest. I had used various cough balsams and expectorants, without obtaining relief. A friend advised me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and am happy to say that it helped me at once. By continued use this medicine cured my cough, and, I am satisfied, saved my life. — Mrs. E. Coburn, 18 Second st., Lowell, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for over a year, and sincerely believe I should have been in my grave, had it not been for this medicine. It has cured me of a dangerous affection of the lungs, for which I had almost despaired of ever finding a remedy. — D. A. McMullen, Windsor, Province of Ontario.

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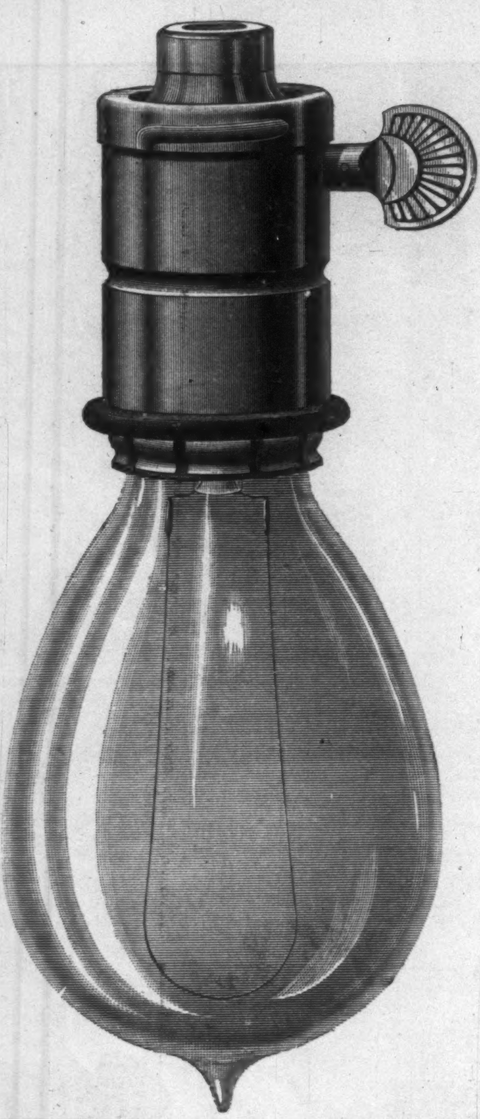

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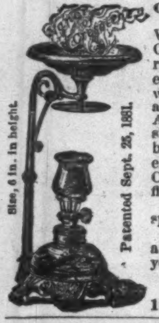
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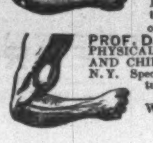

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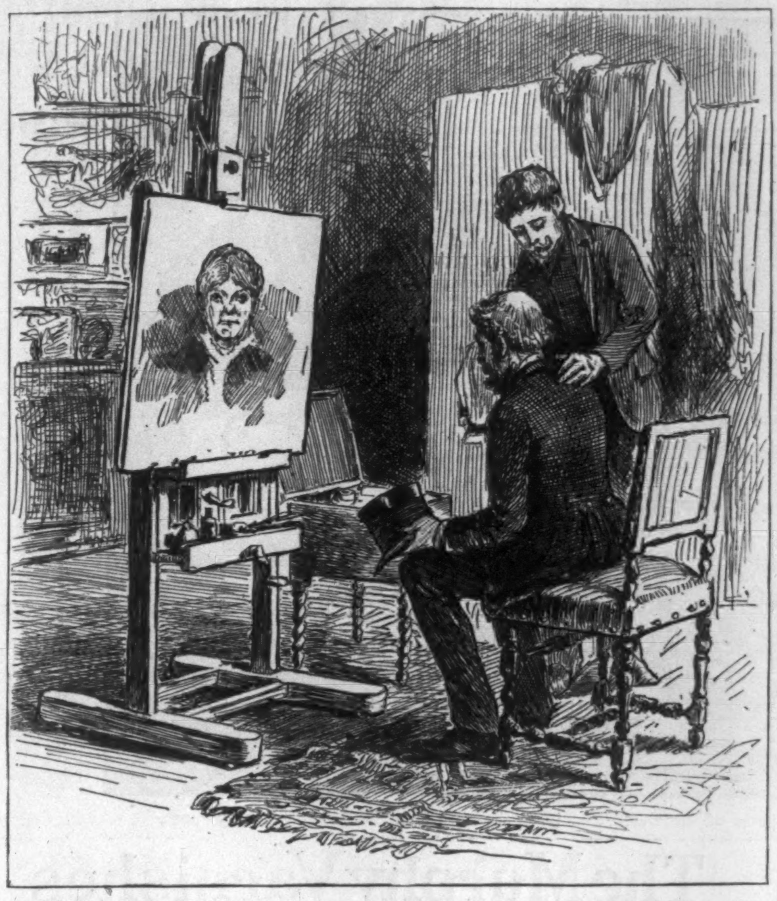
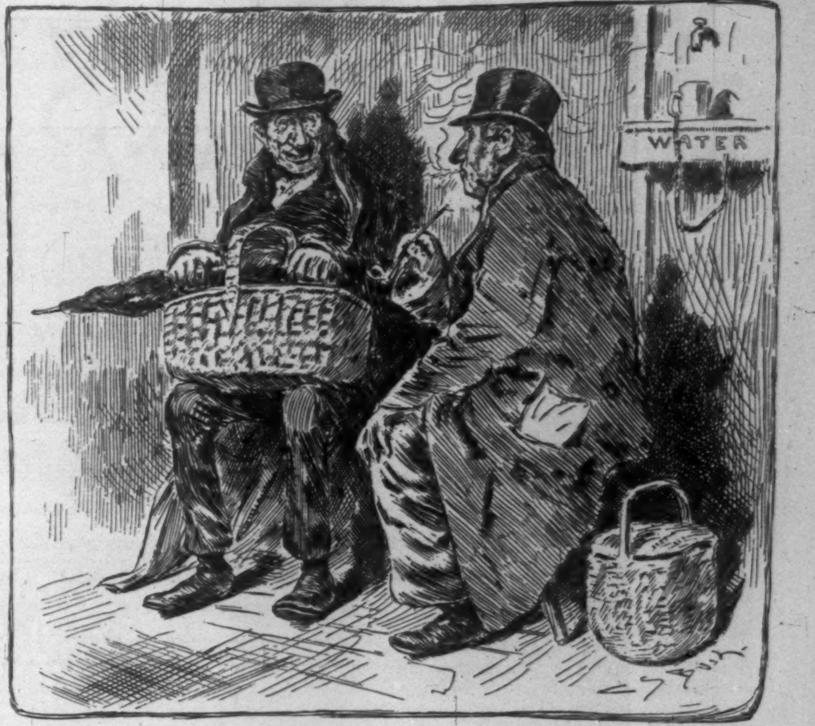


(*A countryman has ordered a picture of his deceased mother, and comes to look at it.*)

ARTIST. "Poor fellow!" (patting him on the back). "Is it a good likeness, then, that it affects you so much?"

COUNTRYMAN. "No, sir. Poor mother!—to think she has been dead only six months and looks like that!"



1ST STEAMBOAT PASSENGER. "What ever do you think of the Anti-Saloon Movement, mister, anyhow?"

2ND STEAMBOAT PASSENGER. "Don't know nothin' 'bout it. Never been inter the saloon. I always sits forrid here on deck, where I can smoke."

A MINISTER'S STATEMENT.

There are few diseases with which the patient is called upon to endure greater pain than with Kidney diseases, and in its more advanced stages the agony it produces is often intense. A cure is now before the public in

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"I was long troubled with a severe affection of the kidneys and bladder. Despite all the professional help I could get I grew steadily worse. I was induced to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and now I want to make known the good it has done me. The disease has relaxed its hold, and I look forward to spending the balance of my life free from pain, and with a heart grateful for the medicine which affords me so pleasant a prospect." Rev. S.C.CHANDLER, Lebanon Spr., N.Y.

"I suffered intensely from Gravel. I tried many medicines, but kept on sinking downwards in spite of them. Having heard much of the wonderful

CURES

performed by Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy in this kind of disease, I determined to try it. I am now completely cured. I acknowledge Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy to be a cure for gravel—and, so far as I know, the only cure." J. M. ALLEN, Charlotte, N. Y.

"I can speak with the utmost confidence of the great value of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for all

Kidney Disorders.

I had Hemorrhage of the Kidneys and stone in the Bladder. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy disintegrated the Stone and delivered me from it, and I am now well. If I had not taken Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy I should long ago have been six feet under the sod."
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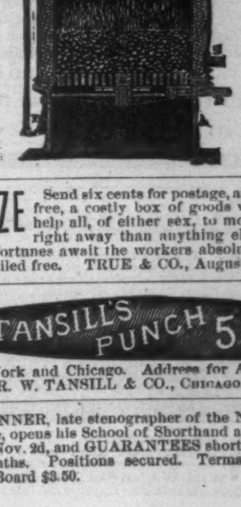

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